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A/N *READ BEFORE YOU READ*

The Afterglow of The Sun was obviously the succeeding book to The Silver Moon, and as Cherry said in that Silver Moon A/N this book is also old. Cherry improves her writing, but maybe not so much me as looking back on the chapters (from me) are missing even the slightest mini details I could of described.

Anyways, this book is pretty old as I said above. It's old and I'm sorry if its not enjoyable. Towards the end I'm starting to pick up details though, following into The Glaze Of Stars where improvements tend to hit at some points.

Thats really all I wanted to say.

Thanks!

@Berrynose96 & @Cloudtail96

Prologue

A flame coloured, starry tom was in view. He looked at a few others of Windclan,

"Cherryfeather is a traitor!" He hissed, "She attacked her leader, and she didn't regret it! I just know it!" He hissed,

A starry pure white tabby she-cat with mint green eyes padded beside him with a starry gray she-cat.

"Cherryfeather regrets everything, have you seen the way she gazes up at us, in the stars?" Mintleaf calmed him.

"Like you would know, Mintleaf." Flamestar muttered.

"Im a medicine cat, I know a lot, and if you actually watched down on the clan, you would see the regret." she meowed.

"Yes, Im very proud of Archstar and the way he leads his clan, you picked well Flamestar, why can't you just accept the clan changing again?" Softstep hissed.

"That's easy for you to say, as you are Archstars mate." Flamestar retorted.

"Whether I was or not doesn't change an opinion Flamestar." Softstep calmly replied.

He growled, and dug his claws into the ground.

"Go ask Shrewfang and Owlheart, see what they have to say if they were swept away in that flood." He then replied.

"Shrewfang and Owlheart are just as loyal as any other cat, now in Windclan, they respect that they never woke up during the flood." Mintleaf butted in.

"Ugh, whatever, but I do not see Windclan as it was, with

Cherryfeather in it! I will never forgive her!" He hissed and yowled.

Mintleaf and Softstep exchanged surprised glances, and said no more, at the weird leader.

"I respect that I drowned, Lynxfur is a really good medicine cat. I taught her well." she meowed.

"Same, Ripplefang as the new deputy, will be just as good as I was... I think, I don't know if I was a good deputy, I wasn't deputy for long." She looked down at her paws.

"You were an amazing deputy. Don't worry." Mintleaf purred and then set off to find Shrewfang and Owlheart, to see what there opinions was on the flood, and Flamestar.

Allegiances

WindClan

Leader- Archstar- Brown tabby tom.

Deputy- Ripplefang- unusual tortiseshell tom with dark green eyes.

--Apprentice: Featherpaw

Medicine Cat - Lynxfur: brown she-cat with amber eyes.

Warriors

Beechclaw- Dusky brown tom with creamy patches**.**

Gorsecloud- Cream coloured tom

Windleap- Pure white she-cat with amber eyes.

Petalwing - Cream she cat with patches of white.

Lakefrost- Gray tom with amber-greenish eyes.

--Apprentice: Reedpaw

Honeypelt- Dusky brown she cat with lighter patches and a white tipped tail

Marshwillow- quite big creamy-brown she-cat with darker flecks and creamy coloured legs and a white tipped tail with bright amber eyes.

Cherryfeather- Small black she-cat with a few grey flecks and white paws, a white chin, white chest and a white tail tip, with bright, piercing blue eyes, and sharp claws.

Brightflower- Ginger she-cat with a white underbelly and a couple of stripes around it and dark green eyes.

Sagecloud- Big dusky brown tom with sage coloured eyes.

Rosecloud- Cream she cat with black patches and yellowish-amber eyes.

Frogwhisker- Small black and white tom with green-blueish eyes.

Swiftpetal- black and white she-cat.

Heronwing- brown tom.

Apprentices

Reedpaw- Blue grey tabby tom with amber eyes.

Featherpaw- Big silver tabby she-cat with blue eyes.

Queens

Dapplestream- Calico she-cat- *Expecting Ripplefang's kits.*

Elders

Voletooth- Brown tom.

Traitorous Group:

INFO: These cats are tended to be feared by kittypets, loners, and rogues, Dusk and Gorse run it, and they want to recruit tons more, at least by the end of this book, there will be more than 50, or so members in it. The reason they are traitorous is because, they kill cats that get in their way, or just tons of cats in general, ShadowClan cats have had a few incidents in the last book about these cats, but never admitted it. So approximately over 25 cats have died, in general (including ShadowClan, rogues etc.) So, if these cats are eyed, they match be quite hard to beat.

Dusk: dusky brown cat with blue eyes, leader of group.

Gorse: big tabby tom with mint eyes, deputy of group.

Silver: silver tabby she-cat with blue eyes.

Horse: big brown tom with amber eyes.

Stripe: pale gray tom with amber eyes and sharp claws.

Jill: tortiseshell she-cat with amber eyes.

Rocky: dark gray tom with dark green eyes.

Rosie: cream she-cat with blue eyes.

Squirrel: brown tabby tom with amber eyes, and a scar running down a flank.

Bramble: brown tom with sharp teeth and green eyes.

Icy: white she-cat with blue eyes.

Fox: ginger she-cat with dark amber eyes.

Stephen: blue gray tom cat with green eyes.

Cats Outside Clans

Sal: tortiseshell tom with piercing blue eyes.

Fern: brown she-cat with darker flecks and amber eyes.

Lily: dark gray-silvery she cat, with dark green eyes.

Tiger: big tabby tom with minty green coloured eyes.

Chapter One

Marshwillow touched noses with Frogwhisker. She purred as she headed back into camp with him. The sun was shining more brightly than ever.

"Marshwillow, I'm so glad that Cherryfeather isn't telling me to do things anymore," he meowed.

"I am too, Frogwhisker, but we must remember she is my sister, she is trying to protect me, but... I understand how you feel," she meowed.

"Yeah, I guess," he replied.

"Brightflower, Marshwillow, Frogwhisker and Featherpaw." Ripplefang padded over to the two mates. "Hunting patrol, and I expect alot of prey from you Marshwillow," he meowed and padded off.

"Yes, of course, Ripplefang." she murmured.

"You're the best hunter in the clan! You know that, right?" Frogwhisker meowed, slightly shouting.

"Cats think of it in that way, Frogwhisker, but as long as I'm with you on a patrol, I bet I will be." she responded playfully, pouncing on Frogwhisker.

"Hey! Stop." he flushed.

"What?" Marshwillow replied. They stared at each other for a minute.

"My pad is bleeding." he meowed finally.

"Okay, I'll come with you to the medicine cat den." Marshwillow purred.

Frogwhisker rolled his eyes. "Do you need to go everywhere with me? I think that's what bugs Cherryfeather," he meowed, playfully, again.

"Oh stop it, you." Marshwillow flushed. "I'm going to tell the whole clan about this, if you don't keep down," she meowed.

"I guess you should go get the others then," he meowed.

Marshwillow padded across the moor, looking for Brightflower and Featherpaw. Featherpaw was sharing tongues with Reedpaw near a small boulder.

"Um, Featherpaw, Ripplefang wants you on a patrol with me, Frogwhisker, and Brightflower." She hated to interrupt, but some cat had to do it.

"Oh, okay! Is it a hunting one?" she replied.

"Yes," Marshwillow mumbled.

She and Frogwhisker then went off to go find Brightflower, but this time she was just eating at the fresh kill with Sagecloud.

Ooh, Marshwillow thought.

"Umm, Ripplefang wants us for patrol, Brightflower. Hunting patrol," she meowed.

"Okay," Brightflower replied, touching noses with Sagecloud before getting up and walking to the camp entrance.

"Alright, let's go," Marshwillow meowed.

In a few seasons Brightflower will be a queen with Sageclouds kits, I just know it!

But, thats what everyone will expect me and Frogwhisker to have kits, but I'm not ready yet. Maybe that's the way Brightflower feels, but I could be completely wrong and they aren't mates at all, perhaps...

Marshwillow noticed Cherryfeather wasn't in camp,

Probably on a hunting patrol, she thought.

They all set out, and Frogwhisker felt a bit better.

"Let's split up, Marshwillow you go towards the ThunderClan border," Brightflower instructed.

Marshwillow padded away, and shrugged, although she didn't want to run into another ThunderClan cat. Brightflower said something else to the others, and she couldn't quite catch it in time.

Marshwillow scented a squirrel. She dropped into a hunters crouch swiftly, and followed the scent trail. It was just on the ground sniffing around.

She pounced for it, she almost missed it by a fox length, but she managed to just get it. She sighed in relief and thanked StarClan for the prey, as she looked for more.

She spotted a mouse scurry into a bush and immediately flee but she dropped into her hunters crouch and crept slowly towards it. *Hopefully it didnt see me bury that squirrel, otherwise maybe that's why it fleed,* She thought.

Focus! Marshwillow told herself.

She crept more and more towards it, eyeing her surroundings she made sure there was no leaves, branches, or bushes that she would brush her pelt against, and make a loud noise with.

She saw it. she grabbed its tail with her claw, and she swiftly bit into it, killing it quickly. The she-cat buried the mouse next to the squirrel.

A few minutes passed and she caught a vole and a shrew to add on.

Newleaf has been grateful to us. She though. *Thank StarClan!*

Marshwillow came back with all her prey, stuffed in her mouth, the mouse tail dangling. She smirked, as Frogwhisker was carrying two mice.

Frogwhisker looked cluelessly at her and just tried to laugh, but failed because his mouth was stuffed too.

Brightflower could still talk with one prey in her mouth.

"Lets get back," she meowed, stretching.

Marshwillow and Frogwhiskers replies were just mumbles, but when they got back to camp, she noticed Cherryfeather back from camp, so she she spat her prey out, and bounded towards her, Frogwhisker behind her.

"Maybe I should go..." Frogwhisker's voice drifted off.

"No, I want to see to see if Cherryfeather can accept it. It's not going to get any better if we don't make a move," Marshwillow replied to him.

Cherryfeather sighed, and looked up at her.

"What?" she asked.

Frogwhisker was immediately trembling, it hadn't been a while since Cherryfeather told him to do something, Marshwillow wanted to see if she still did that.

"Cherryfeather, can I speak to you? Frogwhisker, you can go now if you want," Marshwillow meowed.

I'm going to explain everything to her. I want her to understand, I want her to be okay with this, I want her to give me her opinions.

"O-Of, C-Course, Marshwillow." Frogwhisker trembled, scurring off.

"What do you want?" Cherryfeather asked again.

"I want to speak to you about Frogwhisker, if that's okay. I understand if you don't." Marshwillow flattened her ears, waiting for a reply. *She'll probably say no, I still think she doesn't like Frogwhisker that much, but I really do care for her and him! I want it just to be clarified here and now. Honestly.*

Cherryfeather stood silent, and gazed at her for a moment.

Chapter Two

Cherryfeather stared at her sister, *Why does she want to talk to me about Frogwhisker?* She wondered.

"Well.. you see, I am mates with Frogwhisker now, but I just wanted to say that I still care about you an-" Marshwillow broke off as Cherryfeather ran off, into the trees. Anger and guilt swarmed around inside her. *How could Marshwillow do this! She's replacing me for that tom..* She thought angrily, a growl rising in her throat. *But your worse, your visiting a ThunderClan warrior!*

Guilt flooded over her, she knew Marshwillow just wanted them all to be friends.. Just then, she spotted Frogwhisker. Anger rose up inside her as she padded up to him, desperately trying to stay calm.
"Did.. S-she uh t-tell you?" stammered Frogwhisker.
Cherryfeather had him on the ground with her claws unsheathed and at his neck in a heartbeat. *Don't do it, don't do it!* She told herself angrily. She saw Frogwhisker shaking and quivering beneath her. She forced herself to let him up and take a step back.
Frogwhisker attempted to run away, but Cherryfeather blocked his way.
"Sorry! I'm not meaning any of this!" she felt herself breathing heavier.
Frogwhisker shakily nodded and ran off. Cherryfeather sighed and started trotting the opposite way, when she saw Marshwillow running towards her.
"Listen, I still care about you Cherryfeather," mewed Marshwillow.
"I'm really sorry Marshwillow, I took it the wrong way when you told me about you and Frogwhisker, I accept your decision." sighed Cherryfeather, thinking about her and Smokepelt.
"Thanks," smiled Marshwillow. "You two should meet up, we can all chat for a bit."
"Okay," gulped Cherryfeather.
"I'll go get him." purred Marshwillow.
Cherryfeather nodded, and watched as Marshwillow ran off, following her mate's scent. *I'll have to stay calm,* She told herself.

A moment later, she saw both cats running back towards her. Frogwhisker looked unsure and slightly scared, whilst Marshwillow bounded towards her happily, not a care in the world. Marshwillow sat beside Frogwhisker, facing Cherryfeather.
"So uh.. Frogwhisker, I told Cherryfeather about us being mates, and she's okay with it!" mewed Marshwillow happily.
Frogwhisker gulped "Y-yeah."
Cherryfeather looked down and sighed.
"What are you three doing out here?" asked Beechclaw. "You must all be tired after yesterday's vigil, go back to camp and get some rest.
Cherryfeather was glad of an excuse to leave both cats, she ran back to camp quickly, curling up in her nest as soon as she got back. She found herself in a strange place, it was an empty open field, with one other cat staring at her. It was Smokepelt.
"Cherryfeather!" he smiled, padding over to her.
"Hi, Smokepelt," mewed Cherryfeather. "Uh.. Do you know where we are?"
"Well.. uh.. the thing is.. maybe you and I could meet up more easily in the.. uh.. dark forest?" mewed Smokepelt.
"The dark forest!" squealed Cherryfeather. "Well.. maybe..?"
"Yeah, see, the dark forest isn't *that* bad anyway." mewed Smokepelt.
"Well.. I suppose.."
"Yeah, come on, lets go!" purred Smokepelt, leading the way into a dark and gloomy looking forest. Cherryfeather followed more slowly, glancing up at the large dark oak trees that hung above her head.
"Greeting, Smokepelt, it seems you have brought a little friend with you today," sneered a large dark brown tabby tom.
"Barkclaw," Smokepelt dipped his head to the huge tom.
Barkclaw whipped round and glared at Cherryfeather, Cherryfeather returned the glare with unsheathed claws. Suddenly the tom pounced at her. Cherryfeather jumped over him and flung herself at him. She clawed his flank while dodging Barkclaw's sharp, glistening fangs. Smokepelt watched the battle with round eyes, clearly terrified for Cherryfeather's life. Eventually the two warriors split apart, each with injures. Barkclaw had deep wounds in his flank and his ear was bleeding heavily. Whilst Cherryfeather had a small scratch on her shoulder, which barely hurt at all.

Sighing, Cherryfeather sat down and licked her scratch clean before facing the tom again. Barkclaw scowled and turned away, stalking into the dark trees. She walked in silence with Smokepelt, before she scented great fear scent coming off of him. She was just about to turn around and ask him what was wrong, when she saw an enormous dark grey tom charging at them both. His dark brown eyes glistened with rage and hunger, and his claws and teeth were sharp. He was ready to kill.

Chapter Three

Marshwillow had done what she was told, she walked into the warriors den, yawning. She curled up, Frogwhisker next to her. Cherryfeather was asleep, twitching, she had a large wound on her leg, but Marshwillow missed it.

She wondered why she was twitching, *probably a bad dream, Frogwhisker complained one day I accidentally kicked him during my sleep and he woke up, oops.*

***
She woke up the next day, she stretched herself and Frogwhisker looked at the sunrise.

"Lets go watch it!" he squealed.

"Err-... Sure!" Marshwillow flushed a bit before following behind him.

"Im going to run! Lets race this come get me!" Frogwhisker stuck out his tongue.

"I will!" Marshwillow paced just behind him, trying to catch up, but she was just behind him.

They got onto a small hill the sun was still rising. Only a few minutes then the sun would rise almost fully, Marshwillows jaw gaped in amazement.

"Its beautiful!" she meowed.

"I know... I'm bored, so I just asked you to come here." Frogwhisker smirked.

"Seriously?" Marshwillow laughed a bit.

"Nah," Frogwhisker meowed.

"Well, okay...if you say so." Marshwillow replied, purring.

***

A couple of minutes passed and the sun had risen, a breeze softly blew the trees branches and sunlight beams hit off everywhere as it was high in the sky.

Cats of Windclan, such as Archstar and Gorsecloud were sunning themselves on the rocks, just talking. Sagecloud and Brightflower went out camp, and Dapplestream heaved herself outside of the nursery, Ripplefang eagerly bounding towards her, dropping a mouse and brushed against her, she made a face and he laughed a bit.

"The clan feels so lively today." Marshwillow admitted. Frogwhisker nodded and stretched his back. Shouldn't we go for a walk or something, I mean... I-Its R-Really W-Warm and all." he meowed.

"Yeah! We could hunt while at it!" Marshwillow bounced up and down, satisfied with the idea.

Frogwhisker nodded, still kind of flushing. Marshwillow saw this and rolled her eyes.

"Come on, don't be so shy! I'm fine with this." Marshwillow yawned.

"I guess." Frogwhisker shrugged.

They walked into the moors, and they could see the silhouttes of rabbits hopping around, but dashing away, quickly, she licked her lips hungrily.

"I wish I could have a rabbit now," she meowed.

"I thought you didnt like rabbits?" Frogwhisker teased.

"That- well I-I've changed my mind!" Marshwillow smiled guiltly.

"Better tell Cherryfeather that, she loves rabbits." Frogwhisker meowed.

"How do you know that?" her eyes widened.

"I-I-I mean she picks a rabbit out a lot, so I thought so." Frogwhisker admitted.

"We're Windclan you dummy." she laughed.

"But then why do you not like rabbits if that's the case!" Frogwhisker narrowed his eyes, as they walked on.

"Lets go further, I want to explore!" Marshwillow meowed.

"Your getting ahead of yourself, like you always do." Frogwhisker purred.

"True, but this time, I want to. Its so sunny, I feel like I could just lie anywhere and be able to sit there for hours!" Marshwillow meowed.

"Then lets do that," Frogwhisker joked.

"Not for h-hours, you know what I mean." She corrected herself.

"We could, but you said you wanted to explore, i'm confused!" Frogwhisker stuck out his tongue, but then purred.

"Ugh! Shut up!" Marshwillow meowed.

"Nah, I dont want too." Frogwhisker couldn't help but purr more than he was.

But then, they just stared at each other for a blank moment. Frogwhisker remembered when he was almost killed by Cherryfeather, her sister, and just gazed at her. He wouldn't tell her because otherwise he might actually be killed.

"What was that awkward silence?" Marshwillow teased.

"O-Oh, U-Um nothing. Just staring at you." Frogwhisker meowed.

"I see." she narrowed her eyes, but she still had a playful look.

She swiped at him then pounced, since he was merely distracted she had him on the ground. He fought back.

"Its on!" he meowed, kicking her off.

He smiled and they ran off, It was getting dark.

"Wait, why is it getting dark?" he meowed, "It feels like its been five minutes!" Frogwhisker squealed.

"Maybe we should-" Marshwillow meowed.

"No! A search party can just get us." Marshwillow added on, still grinning.

"Perhaps," Marshwillow meowed.

"What happens if Cherryfeather's in it?" Frogwhisker asked.

"So what? I think she still is a bit hesitant to accept we are together, but I think she'll warm up to it eventually, maybe when-" Marshwillow meowed.

"Maybe when what?" Frogwhisker was merely confused.

"I was going to say-" Marshwillow was cut off by a rustle in the bushes.

"What is that?" Frogwhisker halted, and froze, she brushed against him, and felt shivers coming from him.

"We'll be fine come on, I was going to say kits. Lets go." she changed the subject immediately after that.

Frogwhisker was obviously surprised and froze, "Dont you think its early?" he mumbled.

"Yeah, thats why I changed the subject after it dummy," she grinned.

"Whatever you say." he rolled his eyes, and still flushing at what she said.

Let's head a bit back the way. "I'm going to ask Archstar something." Marshwillow meowed.

"Okay, hold on-, actually no, you just come with me infact."

Marshwillow beckoned him with her tail and they padded towards Archstars den, A huge rock, with a bit of a cozy inside.

"Archstar is so lucky," he murmured.

"I know right!" Marshwillow fluffed out her fur, then walked into Archstar's den, Frogwhisker waiting outside.

"Archstar, Im going to sleep with Frogwhisker under the stars, under your permission, of course." she dipped her head.

Archstar twitched his tail tip, obviously very amused. "Very well, please come back in the morning, enjoy your time." he teased.

"Hey! "she squealed, before heading out.

"I want to sleep under the stars and moon, this hill over here looks cozy!" Marshwillow exclaimed innocently.

"Fine," Frogwhisker rolled his eyes.

They sat down between flowers and bushes, some moss was even hidden in with all of the flowers and bushes. It looked beautiful, and very cozy.

"I feel like I could just sleep, infact thats what i'm going to do!" Marshwillow purred.

"Alright, same." Frogwhisker purred.

They fell asleep under the beautiful, bright moonlight with stars dancing brightly, twinkling away with the other stars, the ancestors, must be very proud. The moon rose very high, incredibly light, it'd almost be like they couldn't sleep with how bright it was.

This chapter is not meant to be wrong in any way. xD, to me it does too, and thats what I hate about it, err, but YOLO! Another note is, this chapter is just about their relationship and what its like. :)

~Marshwillow 14/5/17

(what a great quote, rate it past Marsh.)

Chapter Four

Cherryfeather sat bolt upright in her nest. She was breathing heavily and the thought of going back to the dark forest made her shiver. She quietly slipped out of the warriors den, to see it was a bitter cold day outside. She gave her chest a couple of licks, before trotting over to a group of gathered cats, discussing patrols.

"Honeypelt, you can join Beechclaw's hunting patrol along with Sagecloud and Windleap," mewed Ripplefang. "And Gorsecloud can lead a RiverClan border patrol with Brightflower, Cherryfeather and Reedpaw."
Cherryfeather nodded to Ripplefang and padded quickly over to Gorsecloud, who was calling on his apprentice (Reedpaw) to come out for patrol. When the group was organised then set out into the woods, heading for the RiverClan border. Suddenly, Cherryfeather scented that four strange cats had walked this way. The rest of the patrol had scented it too and were looking around, wondering where it had came from.
"Not Clan scent," muttered Gorsecloud, sniffing the air. "We have to follow it, it's definitely fresh."
The other cats nodded their agreement as they turned away from the RiverClan border and set off, tracking the scent.

In the middle of the search, Gorsecloud stopped. "Archstar will send a rescue party soon if we're not back. I want Brightflower to quickly mark the RiverClan border and then report to Archstar the situation."
Brightflower nodded and turned away, scurrying towards the border. The rest of the patrol continued their search, the scent was definitely getting fresher and fresher, and the patrol had no trouble following it. Eventually, they could hear muttering in the distance, the patrol ran towards the noise until the cats came into sight. They were clearly not in the Clans, and they didn't seem to notice the patrol's scent as Cherryfeather and the others crept up on them.

Just at that moment, a large tabby tom with green eyes spun

around and called an attack call, launching himself at Gorsecloud. Dodging the blow, Gorsecloud drew a claw down the tabby's ear, making it bleed. Suddenly the tom drew away from him, growling.

"Why were you on our territory?" asked Gorsecloud, a slight threat in his voice.
"*Your* territory," mocked one of the other cats, standing up and padding over to the tom.
"We can resolve this," mewed Reedpaw calmly. "You could come with us back to camp."
"Okay.." mewed the first tom reluctantly.
"I don't know," mewed the second tom, glancing at the first.
"Come on, Sal, It'll be fun," purred the first tom.
"Fine," growled Sal. "I'll get Fern and Lily."
The two other cats (she-cats) were still sitting beside one another, chatting away.
"What's your name?" asked Reedpaw joyfully.
"Tiger," grunted the tom.
Sal padded back over with the two she-cats, one was dark brown and the other was a silvery-grey.
"I'm Fern," purred the dark brown one.
"And I'm Lily," purred the other.
As the patrol walked back with the strange loners, Cherryfeather felt herself getting angry. *They can't just wander all over my territory and get away with it!!*
Slowing her pace to match Lily and Fern's, she noticed they both looked slightly nervous. *I won't over do it,* She told herself slyly.
"Why are you here," she mewed In an icy whisper. "Trust me, you do not belong here."
She saw both she-cats stiffen at her voice.
"W-what d-do you d-do?" stammered Fern.
"You don't want to know," whispered Cherryfeather.
"Tell us, you piece of crow-food!" hissed Lily. "Your scaring my sister, do you want to find out what it feels like to have someone rake their claws down your flank?"
In a heartbeat, Cherryfeather had pinned Lily down, unsheathed her claws and had them at her neck.
"We.. kill.. cats.. who get in our way." Cherryfeather hissed quietly, no emotion showing through her piercing blue eyes.
"I-I'm s-sorry," stammered Lily, fear scent coming off her in waves.

Cherryfeather immediately let her up. "Listen." she mewed. "Don't make me angry, and do what I tell you, and it will all be okay. I'll make sure of that."
Lily gulped.
"No one will lay a claw on you." purred Cherryfeather slyly.
Lily nodded.
"So anyway, where do you come from?" asked Cherryfeather, changing the subject.
"We just travel," mewed Lily.
Cherryfeather sighed, "Listen, I'm sorry, Lily, I didn't mean, to.. you know..."
"It's fine," smiled Lily. "I was pretty rude to you."
Cherryfeather smiled back, "Actually, we're really close to camp, come on."
Just as Cherryfeather was about to run ahead of both cats, Tiger suddenly came up beside her.
"Hi," he mewed happily.
"Uh.. hi," mewed Cherryfeather.
"You know, I've been thinking of joining your group." Tiger purred.
"Yeah, we actually call them Clans, I'm in WindClan," yawned Cherryfeather. "Well, bye."
"Bye!" called Tiger.

As the patrol trotted through the entrance to the WindClan cam, she saw disbelief and anger in the eyes of the WindClan cats. They were thinking that the loners might want to join WindClan, and they clearly didn't want that. Archstar came out of his den, neck fur bristling. "And what do you think *your* doing on WindClan territory!"

Chapter Five

Marshwillow padded out to see the loners, she narrowed her eyes.

"Loners? At this time?" Marshwillow twitched her tail tip.

"I will ask you again. What do you think your doing on Windclan territory?" Archstar growled.

Fern budged her way to the front. "In all respect, we would like to join your so called 'Clan'." she meowed.

Angry murmurs and yowls protesting in the crowds. Archstar waved his tail for silence.

"...Due to low population between our Clans, I accept your request, and you will hold a naming ceremony." Archstar meowed.

"Ooh! Four new clanmates! Hear that frogwhisker?" She nudged Frogwhisker, and he bristled in alarm.

"Oh yeah, sorry." Frogwhisker laughed.

"Alright, Fern, Tiger, Sal, and Lily was it? Step foward, please," he beckoned his tail, and more and more cats gathered around.

"Tiger, you will be known as Tigerstorm, Fern you will be known as Fernheart, and Lily you will be known as Lilyfall, and Sal you will be known as Wildstrike"

"Weird names," Marshwillow heard Wildstrike murmur, "But I like mine, it sounds fierce!" Marshwillow listened to him add on.

"Alright, thank you." Archstar meowed, But then Marshwillow in the audience, next to Frogwhisker, and Cherryfeather at her other side, She saw Beechclaw step up.

"Can I announce something Archstar?" Beechclaw meowed.

"Go ahead," Archstar gave his chest fur a lick.

"Windleap is expecting kits! My kits!" he stood proudly.

"Really? Congratulations to Beechclaw and Windleap then, Windclan!" he yowled.

The audience rose murmurs of happiness for the new expecting parents.

Archstar beckoned his tail for silence. Marshwillow was near the front so she heard Archstar murmur, "I wish it could of been that way with Softstep." he sighed, and Marshwillow noticed that, but the crowds were breaking up, and no-one saw Archstar sigh.

"Marshwillow," Ripplefang approached her.

"I would like you to patrol with Tigerstorm and Cherryfeather." Ripplefang meowed.

"Fine with me," Marshwillow smiled, and bounded away to find Cherryfeather.

"Cherryfeather?" she hissed, whispering.

"Yeah?" Cherryfeather yawned.

"Ripplefang wants us to patrol together," Marshwillow announced to her.

"Oh is that so? Like that would happen in moons!" Cherryfeather squealed.

Marshwillow laughed, "Okay," she squealed too, "We need Tigerstorm too." she meowed.

"Doesn't Tigerstorm seem like a muscular big tabby tom he seems very proud, confident, and like creative, I think he will serve our clan well." Marshwillow admitted.

Cherryfeather glanced uneasily at her.

"No, not in a mate way, if thats what you think." Marshwillow giggled.

"I know, but I guess your right, but he is still a loner in my eyes." Cherryfeather rolled her eyes, and quickened her pace.

"Same, but I was just saying he'd serve our clan well." Marshwillow sighed.

Cherryfeather slowed down. "Well, yeah, I guess he seems alright, I mean anyways--" Cherryfeather cut herself off.

Marshwillow didnt suspect anything or why she cut off her sentence and shrugged.

"Its a border patrol right? What border?" she stretched, her pelt ruffling smoothly in the wind, and she then stood proudly, to be a WindClan cat.

"Yeah, its a border patrol, Riverclan border." Marshwillow meowed.

"Alright, I guess, lets get Tigerstorm if thats the case, I hope we get into a fight along another patrol, so I can see his fighting skills, too see if hes... worthy." Cherryfeather slyly smiled, and meowed.

"Yeah, lets go, hurry." Marshwillow instructed.

They padded along all the dens, and across the middle of the clearing, the fresh kill pile pretty balanced out, *Newleaf has come again, I suppose, Good for Riverclan.* They padded onto the moors and much more, the hills and straight flat land where rabbits hopped out now and again, seemed all like a dream.

They kept padding on, until they found Tigerstorm and Wildstrike chatting.

"This seems pretty cool, actually, I dont think I regret coming here at all, I am going to try my best to be a good warrior- do they call it? That I can be," Tigerstorm announced to Wildstrike, proudly and confdiently.

"So what do they do here again? They mark borders, patrol and just

be cool and stuff, theres alot more too it." Wildstrike meowed.

"Yeah," Tigerstorm purred.

"Tigerstorm," Cherryfeather halted.

He tilted his head slightly.

"What Cherryfeather...? Was it?" he meowed.

"How do you know that?" Cherryfeather narrowed her eyes.

"I'll explain later, anyways what do you want?" Tigerstorm asked.

"Your coming on patrol with us," Cherryfeather rolled her eyes. "Unforunately." she added silently, under her breath.

"With who else?" Tigerstorm cheered.

"My sister Marshwillow, and if you question anything about her, consider yourself crow-food." Cherryfeather growled.

"Keep your fur on, I wont, I swear! Okay! Im going!" he pleaded to her, then turning to Wildstrike when he said going.

Tigerstorm waved his tail at Wildstrike and he nodded, smiling.

"See you," Wildstrike murmured.

"Alright so we just mark the borders and look to see if no-one crosses our border? Easy enough," Tigerstorm meowed.

"Shut up! You dont know that." Cherryfeather coughed.

Marshwillow shrugged.

"Cherryfeather is right, please, we will show you, just keep your mouth shut till we actually get there, honestly," Marshwillow rolled her eyes.

He ignored Cherryfeather and Marshwillows request and blabbered on to Cherryfeather.

Marshwillow padded behind them, listening to their conversation.

"Whats it like in the Clans?" Tigerstorm asked.

"Normal to me really, It feels so much better than an innocent life of a kittypet if you ask me," Cherryfeather meowed.

They marked the borders, and scented RiverClan.

"Riverclan patrol! Hunting prey? Can't they just stick to fishing in the lake? They cant even catch a mouse or rabbit!" Cherryfeather yowled.

"I haven't really heard of them but if you say so! I agree!" he absent-mindedly said.

"Hmm," Marshwillow shrugged, smiling, claws unsteathed and crouching ready for a battle.

"Attack!" yowled a brown tom. "Mousetuft! They crossed our border, Now they will pay!" Wolftooth screeched.

"Your border?" Marshwillows eyes widened, "Its our border, and us loyal Windclan warriors will fight for it!" Marshwillow meowed, before triumphantly pushing into battle with Mousetuft.

Claws unsteathed, she crouched, and started to get ready to jump. Mousetuft bounced towards her, leaping right over her and biting her tail, she yowled, but swiped around doing her normal attack, clawing his face, but lightly, not enough to make him blind, or anything, just enough for him to flinch.

He bounced backwards, awkwardly, and he determinedly charged at her, but Marshwillow was too fast, being a Windclan cat, she could run quite fast, She jumped and clawed his flank. He yowled, but then sank his teeth into her scarred leg.

She felt a rise of sharp pain and blood splattering to the floor. She bit his neck deeper and deeper, she stopped, as she was growing weak in her leg, but without realizing it, she had killed the young tom.

She was silent, and her eyes widened, "Starclan, no, please dont tell me I killed him! dont take him yet, I didnt mean too-" Marshwillow pleaded.

Cherryfeather had a tom pinned down, but he kicked and squirmed forcing her to get off, she yowled and tried leaping, but the tom clawed her underbelly and she landed on her feet, and then she flung herself onto the toms back, and bit down on him, and clawed his flank getting off, she bit her teeth into the toms neck, and he lay limp on the floor.

"Oh no," she heard Cherryfeather murmur, she had killed Wolftooth.

Tigerstorm was defending himself from the she-cat and battered at her with his hind legs, she screeched, and he flung himself onto the she-cat. He bit down, but knew when to stop himself, so the she-cat, Sandwish, had fleed, and her eyes wide with horror as she saw her dead clanmates, and bounded away.

Tigerstorm triumphantly glared at her while she bounded away.

"I killed Mousetuft! I didnt mean too- it was only a border skirmish! I got the best of myself and sunk my teeth too far, its all my fault!" she cried.

"I know, I didnt mean to kill Wolftooth either may Starclan light his path now, and Tigerstorm, well fought, I saw you do the last of it! That was awesome!" Cherryfeather praised, and he rose his head high.

"I shouldnt of killed him, im so sorry Mousetuft." she meowed.

The stars had rose up, and twinkled, like Starclan had obviously accepted her accidental killing. They danced, and the moon, had stood out well in front of all of them, Marshwillow purred, it was like the other night she was with Frogwhisker.

"Lets head back," Cherryfeather meowed.

"Marshwillow," she whispered.

"Im really impressed with Tigerstorm, I think your right, he will

serve well." Cherryfeather meowed.

"Then I reccommend telling Archstar about his bravery, and confidence." Marshwillow smiled at her.

"I will, and yeah, we really shouldn't of killed cats," Cherryfeather smiled icily.

"I know, but I think StarClan has forgave us." Marshwillow admitted.

"I hope so, Marshwillow, but I think your right, for once," she teased,

Marshwillow frowned, but then laughed.

"Im joking, but I can't tell you how much I missed chatting with you." Cherryfeather admitted, purring.

"Same, Im sorry Cherryfeather, I've been busy ever since I became a warrior." Marshwillow looked at her paws.

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Cherryfeather glanced uneasily at her, but then sighed. "Yes, I guess I understand." she twitched her tail.

"Im sorry, I swear, how about we like go for a walk or something if you have time." Marshwillow meowed.

Cherryfeather skidded to a halt at camp, it was moonhigh, Marshwillow glanced at her, waiting for an answer.

Chapter Six

Cherryfeather glanced at Marshwillow, "Okay."
"Yay!" Marshwillow bounced up in the air happily.
"So, do you just want go for a walk? Or do you want to hunt or something?" asked Cherryfeather, glancing around at the hills.
"*Or* fighting practice," smiled Marshwillow.
"Well okay," shrugged Cherryfeather. "Lets race to that oak tree!"
The two she-cats sprinted away across the grassy area, the breeze ruffling their pelts as they raced towards the enormous thick-branched tree.
"Ha, I win!" yowled Marshwillow victoriously as her fur brushed against the bark of the tree.
Cherryfeather came close behind her and playfully cuffed her over the ear with sheathed claws. "Okay, lets fight!"

Cherryfeather crouched into a good pouncing position, facing Marshwillow, around three fox-lengths away from her, Marshwillow did the same, keeping her eyes on Cherryfeather at all times.
Marshwillow was the one to pounce first, Cherryfeather was surprised at her strong, well-timed pounce, but Cherryfeather ran and ducked under her, unbalancing Marshwillow, who came crashing to the ground. Bouncing back up, Marshwillow whipped around and stalked over to Cherryfeather.
"Wow, that was a good move, can you teach me it?" smiled Marshwillow.
Cherryfeather nodded and sat beside Marshwillow, under the oak tree.

"Well, I won't be able to teach you *that* specific move, because I made that one especially for me, since I'm small and can duck under," mewed Cherryfeather, "But I can help create a move that will use your strength and size to your advantage."
"Okay," meowed Marshwillow eagerly.
"Hmm," Cherryfeather narrowed her eyes, "How about when you pounce, try and go a bit higher and land on your opponent, you'll be able to send them crashing to the ground, you can also send a bit

more force into your pounce with your back legs and that'll make it easier and more powerful."
"Great idea, lets try it!" Marshwillow purred.
Cherryfeather groaned, "I should be careful of what I say." she joked.

She let Marshwillow practice her move, she ended up sprawled on the ground, all of the air gone from her lungs, with Marshwillow laying proudly on top of her. Cherryfeather managed to squirm out from under her and nip her on the flank.
"Hey!" purred Marshwillow competitively.
"Come and get me," purred Cherryfeather.
Marshwillow pelted for Cherryfeather, at the last moment she pounced, attempting to complete the move Cherryfeather had helped create, but Cherryfeather jumped higher, pinning Marshwillow down, with so much force, Marshwillow couldn't move a muscle. Both she-cats were smiling, enjoying the competitive fighting practice.

Cherryfeather let Marshwillow up, immediately, Marshwillow pounced at Cherryfeather from behind, who jumped backwards, so she was now behind Marshwillow, just as she was about to attack, Marshwillow spun around and pounced again, this time, succeeding in the attack. Cherryfeather was now pinned down by Marshwillow, who was triumphantly waving her tail around. A sparrow landed in the oak tree, catching Marshwillow's attention, in her moment of hesitation, Cherryfeather kicked at her with her hind-legs, full force, sending her sprawled on the floor next to the tree. The sparrow flew away, out of sight from the two cats.

"Come on, we should head back," purred Cherryfeather.
Marshwillow nodded in agreement, and both she-cats trotted back towards the WindClan camp, pelts brushing one another as they headed away.

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Cherryfeather padded into camp with Marshwillow at her heels. Looking around, she saw that the camp was pretty lively; Sagecloud and Brightflower were sharing a mouse, Windleap, Beechclaw, Dapplestream and Featherpaw were all talking, huddled in a group

near the nursery, Archstar, Ripplefang, and Gorsecloud were all hurriedly talking to one another as they shared a black and white rabbit and Wildstrike, Lilyfall and Fernheart were all chatting together, carefree. Cherryfeather wondered why Tigerstorm wasn't with his friends, but she soon pushed the thought away, he would probably be making new friends and getting to know WindClan a little bit more.

Cherryfeather watched as Marshwillow picked out a small mouse from the fresh-kill pile and trotted towards Windleap, Beechclaw, Dapplestream and Featherpaw and joined in their conversation whilst eating her prey. *I bet their talking about Windleap having her second litter,* thought Cherryfeather, picking out a small white rabbit from the fresh-kill pile for herself. *I can't believe I'm going to have more siblings!* Making sure no one was watching, she took her rabbit and trotted quickly to the back of the warriors den, she liked peace and quiet. Just as she was about to creep behind the den, she heard loud squeals from where she was heading, she stopped dead, listening out for more noises. She slowly looked out from where she was hiding so she could see what was going on behind the den.

Tigerstorm had Reedpaw pinned down, and was glaring angrily at him. "You are the most stupid rabbit-brain I have ever seen!" Tigerstorm was growling at him.
Reedpaw was quivering under Tigerstorm nervously, not even attempting to free himself from his claws. Cherryfeather pushed away the urge to launch herself at Tigerstorm and claw him to death, she would get him back later, she would make sure he never bullied Reedpaw again. Muttering angrily to herself, Cherryfeather stalked away with her rabbit, heading for the group of cats beside the nursery.
"Hi Cherryfeather!" purred Marshwillow, turning around to face her.
"Hi," smiled Cherryfeather, padding over to sit beside her sister, and listen into the conversation beside the nursery.
"It's been our dream to have more kits since Cherryfeather and Marshwillow were born," Windleap was purring.
"That's wonderful, they will be able to grow up with my kits too," Dapplestream mewed happily.
"I wonder if I'll still be an apprentice when *your* kits become apprentices," Featherpaw chirped in.

"I wonder," smiled Beechclaw.
"Oh, Marshwillow, Cherryfeather, are *you* excited about having new siblings!?" squealed Featherpaw, noticing the two cats.
"Definitely!" smiled Marshwillow.
Cherryfeather nodded briefly before taking a bite of her rabbit.
"Don't be like that!" grumbled Marshwillow quietly to Cherryfeather as Featherpaw's tail drooped.
Rolling her eyes, Cherryfeather ate the last of her rabbit and buried the fur and bones.

"Cherryfeather," whispered Marshwillow. "I need to talk to you about something.."
Shrugging, Cherryfeather followed her sister out into the forest.
"Listen," growled Marshwillow. "I know what you've been doing."
"What?" mewed Cherryfeather, confused.
"Your messing around with Reedpaw and Featherpaw!" she exclaimed.
"What are you talking about?" growled Cherryfeather, instantly remembering Tigerstorm bullying Reedpaw.
"I've saw how sad Reedpaw's been acting lately and you were rude to Featherpaw!"
"Mm hm, by the way it wasn't me who was bothering Reedpaw, blame the cat who actually did and stop accusing me!" Mewed Cherryfeather, narrowing her eyes.
"You know who it was?!" asked Marshwillow curiously, tilting her head.
"Yeah," Cherryfeather rolled her eyes.
"Who?" Marshwillow's eyes were wide with curiosity.
"It doesn't matter, lets go hunt," mewed Cherryfeather quickly.

Marshwillow hesitated for a moment "..Okay.."
Cherryfeather heart thumped harder, she hoped she would never have to tell her sister about Tigerstorm, who had seemed so friendly, but had bullied Reedpaw.

Chapter Seven

Marshwillow followed Cherryfeather through the forest, not a clue why she kept the cat who messed with Reedpaw and Featherpaw secret.

"I feel sort of bad for Reedpaw and Featherpaw," Marshwillow explained.

"I can understand why, but lets just hunt now." Cherryfeather grunted.

Marshwillow breathlessly followed.

"I cant," Marshwillow murmured.

"Why not?" Cherryfeather narrowed her eyes as she heard her.

"I dont know, walk slower!" she growled.

"I dont see why not," Cherryfeather sighed and kept her pace at Marshwillows.

"Is this the pace you can walk?" Cherryfeathers eyes widened.

Marshwillow nodded, and swallowed, she felt like she would sweat endlessly.

"We might have to head back then," Cherryfeather insisted, "Your as slow as a lumbering badger," Cherryfeather rolled her eyes playfully.

"Hey! If I wasn't breathless I would totally snap at you," she heaved out the words.

"Im glad you are then, anyways, lets go back," Cherryfeather shrugged.

Marshwillow lumbered slowly. *Ill be fine tomorrow, im just having a*

lazy day, probably, or well I hope or like to assume.

They headed back, but it seemed like moons before they got back because Marshwillow could only run for so long.

"I'm *going* to get you a medicine cat," Cherryfeather told Marshwillow.

"No, dont! I am totally fine!" Marshwillow barely snapped.

"Fine, I wont, if you insist," Cherryfeather meowed.

Marshwillow sighed with relief before climbing into her moss bed with Frogwhisker, he was already sound asleep and on his back pawing the air. Marshwillow laughed a bit before settled beside him.

"I'll have a story to tell him tomorrow," Marshwillow murmured under her breath.

She fell asleep, and her mind was buzzing with thoughts, all of a sudden a starry she-cat scared her.

"Your destiny is coming, Marshwillow, something important will happen," The starry she-cat murmured.

"I think I know that," Marshwillow coughed, *Probably to do with Windleap, why doesnt she tell Windleap that and not me.*

She woke up with Frogwhisker nudging her fiercely.

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"Marshwillow, please wake up," Frogwhisker meowed.

She groaned, "Im awake, Im awake." she murmured, and realized she was starving, she looked a tiny bit plumper.

"Im going to eat, wanna come?" Marshwillow purred at her mate.

"Yeah, but then im going on patrol, lets have a bird," Frogwhisker added calmly.

"Alright, im down! im as hungry as a fox," Marshwillow meowed.

"...I hope thats the not the case." Frogwhisker murmured.

They shared their bird, and she caught glimpse of Lynxfur, strolling into the nursery with herbs.

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They finished eating again, she walked along to the nursery to see Dapplestream in agony. Lynxfur soothed her, and she saw Ripplefang dashing in, in the speed of light.

Before she knew it, four kits lay beside Dapplestream, they were named; Amberkit, Bravekit, Heatherkit, and Fawnkit.

Ripplefang just kept licking them and licking them and talking with Dapplestream, they were smiling.

Marshwillow padded away, as she delievered some fresh-kill for Windleap.

"I cant wait for our new siblings, it'll be so good! I-I just can't wait." Marshwillow chatted a bit with Windleap.

"Yes, you are all fine warriors, I think these kits will be too." Windleap smiled, but it looked like she was hiding something. Marshwillow shrugged and Beechclaw joined the conversation.

"Hey Windleap, wanna go for a walk with me? It'll help your stiff limbs," Beechclaw pleaded.

"Sure, ill get some herbs first." Windleap meowed then lumbered off.

"Okay," Beechclaw dipped his head, then turning to Marshwillow.

"Hi, haven't seen you around," Beechclaw meowed.

Marshwillow purred happily at her father, "Me neither, you must be busy patrolling and things," Beechclaw added to Marshwillow.

"Same to you, but I feel so, restless, I dont want to patrol today!" Marshwillow sighed.

"I guess, but good luck with that," Beechclaw purred in amusement.

Marshwillow grunted, but Beechclaw nodded.

"If thats really so, I reccommend you to go the medicine cat den," Beechclaw meowed.

"Thats what everyone wants me to do!" Marshwillow wailed.

"If thats what everyone wants..." she sniffed a bit.

"I'll do it, I swear im fine." she bounded off, and took a quick glance over her shoulder.

"Im doing it for your safety!" Beechclaw meowed, flattening his ears feeling bad, "You dont have too." he added but, Marshwillow was already at the Medicine Cat Den.

"Hello, Marshwillow," Lynxfur meowed curiously.

"What are you doing here?" Lynxfur added.

"I dont know, everyone is saying that there is something wrong, ive been breathless, and restless and plump." Marshwillow shrugged.

"I tell them everything is fine. They don't believe me." Marshwillow shrugged again.

"Marshwillow I know exactly whats wrong, dont you worry." Lynxfur smirked.

"What?" Marshwillow asked, waiting for a reply.

Chapter Eight

Cherryfeather awoke to rain pattering down loudly on the roof of the warriors' den. She glanced around her, most of the cats were still in their nests asleep, or awake, talking to each other. Marshwillow was nowhere to be seen, she must have left on the dawn patrol or one of the early hunting patrols. Stretching, Cherryfeather stood up and looked out of the warriors den to examine the clearing. Archstar was talking to a few senior warriors, but they were clearly heading for the leaders' den. The fresh-kill pile had been moved to a sheltered area beside the nursery, so the prey wouldn't be covered in rain and mud. The fresh-kill pile was practically empty anyways, there were only two mice and a shrew that were bound to be picked up and eaten before long. Cherryfeather's eyes suddenly caught sight of Marshwillow, her sister, she was trotting out of the medicine cat den towards Frogwhisker. She seemed extremely excited about something. Marshwillow and Frogwhisker started talking to each other happily. Frogwhisker bounded up in the air and Marshwillow smiled and purred loud enough to be heard from the warriors' den.

Cherryfeather stretched and padded out of the den, heading towards Frogwhisker and Marshwillow.
"Hello," she glared at Frogwhisker.
"H-hi," he gulped, ears down.
"So," she mewed, whipping round to face Marshwillow. "What's up?"
Marshwillow was still buzzing with excitement as she mewed back, "I think I'm having kits!"
Cherryfeather glanced at Frogwhisker, burning with rage. Immediately Marshwillow's excitement ebbed away, she knew telling her sister at this time had been a bad idea.
"I have to go," mewed Marshwillow quickly, speeding towards the nursery.
"Come.. with.. me," Cherryfeather could hardly speak she was so angry.

Frogwhisker trailed behind her as she led him into the open moor.

Eventually, they stopped.
"What have you done!" she yelled, glaring at him.
"What do you mean what have *I* done! I've never did anything wrong, but *still* you continue to make me feel bad, acting like I've killed a cat!" shouted Frogwhisker.
"You know something," mewed Cherryfeather icily. "I've killed a cat. I've killed two cats."
"W-who," Frogwhisker's voice was filled with fear.
"Wolftooth," purred Cherryfeather, smiling creepily. "And Flamestar. They did something to me, so I killed them."
"I'll make it simple," she mewed. "Do you want to make it three cats I've killed?"
Frogwhisker was shaking with fear as he pelted away, over the hills.
Cherryfeather sighed, *I shouldn't have done that. StarClan's watching me right now, and I can tell they're not happy with me.*

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"What happened!" Marshwillow was hissing when Cherryfeather got back to camp. "Frogwhisker was shaking so much when he came back to camp! I know it has something to do with you!"
"Let him tell you," grunted Cherryfeather, stalking away to the back of the warriors' den to see if Tigerstorm and Reedpaw were there. Sure enough, Tigerstorm had Reedpaw pinned down, and was hissing to him. This time, Cherryfeather didn't hesitate, she jumped onto the back of Tigerstorm and raked her unsheathed claws down his back. He released Reedpaw who stumbled backwards before picking himself up and running off.
"Why did you do that?!" growled Tigerstorm.
"What do you think you were doing to Reedpaw!?" exclaimed Cherryfeather. "Just leave him alone! Okay!"
Tigerstorm grunted and padded heavily away, he seemed sad and angry. She followed him out and immediately saw Marshwillow trotting angrily towards her. Frogwhisker was behind, ears flattened, a look of pure terror in his eyes. Cherryfeather instantly felt guiltily, but she couldn't stop to apologize, she knew that Marshwillow was furious, and she wanted to avoid her right now.

She saw Ripplefang gathering a patrol of young warriors and apprentices for fighting training, immediately Cherryfeather ran up

to join them to avoid Marshwillow.
"I'll come along," she meowed quickly.
Ripplefang looked slightly surprised, "Well okay."
Ripplefang led the patrol out into the open moor, where Cherryfeather realised that Tigerstorm was on the patrol too, he was padding quickly up behind her.
"Listen, Cherryfeather, I think I want to be more than friends," Tigerstorm looked at the ground. "Not mates.. yet anyway.. just maybe.. you know..?"
Cherryfeather looked away, she liked Tigerstorm secretly more than friends too. She admired his strength and the way he treats cats, rebelliously. "Yeah, I'd like that." She purred

Chapter Nine

(Time Skip: 1 and a half moons.)

Marshwillow sat in the nursery with Windleap and Dapplestream, Dapplestream was too busy nursing her kits, as they tumbled and turned all over the nursery.

Fawnkit played with Heatherkit intensely, she squealed as Fawnkit playfully knocked her over and pinned her down.

"I win! I'm the evil Bloodclan leader!" Fawnkit squealed definitely intense.

Marshwillow smiled at the kits enthusiasm, and wondered when her kits were due, they were definitely due soon.

She felt numb as her paws touched the cold ground. Frogwhisker came in at the entrance.

"Marshwillow," Frogwhisker began smiling.

"Have some prey, I got your favourite, a thrush!" Frogwhisker smiled, purring at his catch.

"Really?" Marshwillow purred, "Thank you, Thank you!" she cried happily, realizing she was starving.

She heaved up, and blinked. "Its impossible to move," she stretched her limbs, but she felt cozy, that she wasnt in the rain, outside.

"Hows the prey going, I havent really been outside in a few days," she sighed, knowing that she can't talk to Frogwhisker long without Cherryfeather finding out, and screaming at him.

"Its alright, its a bit gloomy outside, though, why dont we go for a walk, to stretch your limbs? You seem stiff," Frogwhisker added.

"I guess, but I feel painful today, im going to get some poppy seeds,

I-" Marshwillow paused.

"What?" Frogwhisker pricked up his ears.

"Nevermind, I feel painful, I cant," Marshwillow sat back down.

"Shh," Frogwhisker soothed her, "I'll go get the medicine cat," Frogwhisker blinked then started to vanish through the entrance.

Marshwillow tried her hardest to push away the pain.

Dapplestream noticed this.

"Go get the medicine cat!" she wailed, "Marshwillow is having her kits," Dapplestream called.

"No!- No! Im fine!" Marshwillow snapped, "Besides, Frogwhisker is getting her for me." she snorted.

"Still," Dapplestream shrugged, before her fur lay flat and she sat down, watching her kits still.

Frogwhisker bounded over with Lynxfur.

"Okay, look, Marshwillow your kits are coming." Lynxfur insisted.

"What? Isn't it really early?" Marshwillows eyes widened.

"Yes, but you will be fine, come on." Lynxfur rolled her eyes, impatiently.

"Okay, Dapplestream, go get Cherryfeather to come help here, shes Marshwillows sister." Lynxfur instructed.

"Right, Frogwhisker, go get a stick, anything." Lynxfur added.

"Gotcha!" and he ran off, very swiftly.

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A few minutes later, Cherryfeather was at the entrance, "Whats going on?" she asked.

"Marshwillow, her kits are coming," Lynxfur meowed.

"Isn't it too early?" Cherryfeather growled then directly looking at Frogwhisker as he came back in with a stick.

Marshwillow saw this, and gave Cherryfeather a warning glance, before grabbing the stick, Frogwhisker holding it tightly too.

"Marshwillow if you feel a kit coming, then just bite into this stick, really hard," Lynxfur meowed.

"Cherryfeather get more poppy seeds, she needs them too make her sleepy after the birth so she can rest with her kits, and ease the pain." Lynxfur ordered.

"So...I came here just to run about? Pathetic, but for my sister, fine." Cherryfeather rolled her eyes before running off.

Tigerstorm halted at the entrance.

"Cherryfeather?" he called.

"She ran to the medicine cat den, her sister is giving birth, come back in a bit." Lynxfur sighed.

Tigerstorm? They must be mates? Oooh, ill ask her about it later. Marshwillow thought.

"Understandable, but..." Tigerstorm murmured.

"Nevermind see you," Tigerstorm slyly smiled.

"Um, okay," Lynxfur shrugged.

Marshwillow bit on the stick hard. She felt pain rising in her body and squeaked and flinched a bit. Cherryfeather skidded to a halt next to Marshwillow. "Eat these." Cherryfeather meowed.

She done what she had instructed.

She calmed a bit, and one kit in a flash of an eye, a little tortiseshell kit, appeared on the moss.

"Its a she-cat, lick her Cherryfeather." Lynxfur meowed.

Cherryfeather glared at the kit for a second and watched it mewling away. She smiled a bit, before licking it fiercely.

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A couple of minutes later, Marshwillow was helping her three kits, suckle.

"Two toms, and as I said, a she-cat," Lynxfur nodded, before padding out, "Need anything, just call me," Lynxfur shrugged.

Frogwhisker rested beside Marshwillow licking her fiercely too.

"You done so well, what shall we name them?" Frogwhisker had a huge grin on his face.

"The tortiseshell should be called, Lilykit, it just suites her!" Marshwillow suggested.

"Aww! I agree," Frogwhisker squealed.

"Right I think the golden tabby should be called Goldenkit, for his cute golden yellow pelt," Frogwhisker suggested.

"Good idea, and the mottled gray tom, being Scorchkit!" Marshwillow squealed, "It suites them both, im so happy the pain was worth it." she added, smirking.

Frogwhisker gave a little laugh, and Cherryfeather was watching in the background.

"I need to go," Frogwhisker told her, "Warrior duties, I wish I could take a break off them," he rolled his eyes. "I'd do it for my kits," he gave a patient smile.

Cherryfeather kept glaring.

"Can we talk?" Marshwillow asked, "Come here, I dont want to disturb my kits, there resting." Marshwillow asked.

Cherryfeather kept glaring, like she knew it was about Frogwhisker.

"Can...can you stop shouting at Frogwhisker, I want the best for our

kits...is that too much to ask?" Marshwillow asked.

"I dont want them to be startled by their kin, please...I guess I understand, if you dont want too, i'm really sorry for what I done," Marshwillow sighed.

Cherryfeather met her amber gaze, with her blue gaze, then sighed.

Chapter Ten

"Listen, Marshwillow, you have no idea about my relationship with Frogwhisker," Cherryfeather grumbled, settling herself down on the mossy ground of the nursery.
"But you have to try!" meowed Marshwillow.
"You can't make me like a cat that I don't like, I know he's your mate and I don't want to interfere with your family, but I just don't get along with that mange-pelt!" hissed Cherryfeather, flicking her eyes towards Goldenkit who was climbing adventurously over Lilykit before tumbling to the ground and padding Marshwillow's stomach for milk.
"How dare you call Frogwhisker a mange-pelt in front of my kits!" hissed Marshwillow, before sighing and her tail drooping. "I know you and Frogwhisker don't get along that well, but you can't just be like that towards him, our relationship is way more serious now that I've had his kits."
"I know," sighed Cherryfeather looking away. "Look, I'm not saying I'm going to be friends with him, but I'll try, okay?"
Marshwillow smiled and nodded, "That's all I ask."
"Alright, now eat your poppy seeds and rest with your kits."
Cherryfeather padded out into the clearing, where Tigerstorm was trotting towards her.

"Hey, lets go for a walk," he purred mischievously.
"Okay, Frogwhisker can come too," she replied swiftly.
"Why Frogwhisker?" grumbled Tigerstorm.
Cherryfeather ignored him and made her way towards Frogwhisker, who was eating a shrew near the fresh-kill pile.
"Hey! Frogwhisker! You're coming on a walk with us! Okay! Come on," Cherryfeather grumbled.
Frogwhisker blinked and shivered before standing up and following Cherryfeather as she stalked back towards Tigerstorm.
"H-he's coming?" gulped Frogwhisker, staring at Tigerstorm, who was glaring at the young tom.
"You got a problem with that?!" hissed Cherryfeather, ruffling her neck fur, before remembering that she was meant to be trying to be

friends with Frogwhisker. She flattened her fur and padded in silence beside Tigerstorm and Frogwhisker.

Finally they reached the top of a large hill, where Cherryfeather stopped and sat down, looking around at the lake. Tigerstorm sat beside her, and Frogwhisker did too.
"So.. uh.. why are we h-here," asked Frogwhisker shakily.
Cherryfeather bit back a retort, and watched Frogwhisker steadily.
"Listen, Frogwhisker," she sighed, "You've made me really angry at some points.. and I've been kinda unfair to you, I just wanted to say that I'm sorr-" Tigerstorm interrupted her.
"How dare you!" he screeched, flinging himself at Frogwhisker, who was shaking too much to defend himself as Tigerstorm pinned him down angrily. "Don't you dare go near her again, do you hear me!? You've made enough trouble."
Tigerstorm, shaking with rage, and Frogwhisker, shaking with fear, stood back up to face Cherryfeather.

After glaring at Tigerstorm for a moment, Cherryfeather turned to Frogwhisker- "Listen, I'm sorry, Frogwhisker, I've been really unfair towards you, you can live a happy life and help your family grow, I just wanted to say that I'm sorry," she touched her nose to Frogwhisker's.
"Thank you," smiled Frogwhisker, before padding away, out of sight.
Cherryfeather smiled as she knew that she had done the right thing, and that her sister, Marshwillow, and her brother-in-law, Frogwhisker, would be happy together.

Chapter Eleven

Marshwillow sat in the nursery with Scorchkit, Lilykit and Goldenkit, watching them, they had opened their eyes. Lilykit was being pretty confident. "Goldenkit! Im going to be the warrior, Scorchkit, you can be the Leader! and Goldenkit, your going to be the prey!" Lilykit proudly exclaimed.

"What? Okay! Come catch me then!" Goldenkit squeaked intensely, wriggling his tiny kit tail.

Marshwillow laughed, "Go get him Lilykit! Scorchkit, you got to be on the patrol too."

"Okay! I got it!" Lilykits tortiseshell swept past Marshwillow as Goldenkit ran across.

"You two will wake the whole nursery up, please calm down." Marshwillow advised.

"Okay!" But Lilykit wasn't looking, and she ran straight into Bravekit, who was sound asleep.

He pricked his ear up and stood up, confidently.

"Ooh! My apprentice ceremony is today! And also can I play with you?" he asked.

Lilykit was silent for a moment, awakwardly embarrassed.

"Um- S-sure!" Lilykit meowed.

"Yay!" Bravekit meowed.

"Im *going* to catch you!" Lilykit skidded to a halt, at the entrance, Bravekit colliding into her, she ran straight into Frogwhiskers feet.

"Um, sorry Dad." Lilykit smiled at the sight of him.

"Its okay, looks like *someone*, is in a bad state, but also in a energetic mood." Frogwhisker chuckled and blinked.

"Cherryfeather is, supposedly with Tigerstorm, by the way." Frogwhisker sat beside Marshwillow, watching all her kits, plus Bravekit, tumbling at her feet.

"Tigerstorm- He...uh...pinned me down, because I made Cherryfeather mad? But she was trying to apologize." Frogwhisker explained.

"What?" Marshwillow meowed.

"Its sweet, but hes being a bit...over-protective, I dont want to offend Cherryfeather, but...did she do anything about it?" Marshwillow asked.

"She gave him a glance, but...I think she was about to, when Tigerstorm dropped off me." Frogwhisker meowed.

"I'll ask Cherryfeather, softly, because I don't want to make her mad." Marshwillow meowed, "But I will need someone to watch the kits, will you do it Frogwhisker?" Marshwillow asked.

"Of course! I would sacrifice myself for these kits if I have to!" Frogwhisker meowed.

"...I certainly hope you dont sacrifice yourself though." Marshwillow frowned.

Frogwhisker stood there silently, and shrugged, trying to play it off.

"Dont be silly," Marshwillow rolled her eyes.

"Right, i'll do it later though, ill tell you when, hopefully-" Marshwillow meowed.

"Im coming to check on my niece and nephew," Cherryfeather burst through the entrance.

"Oh! I just wanted you, but ill tell you later, im so tired." Marshwillow meowed.

"Understandable." Cherryfeather mumbled, Tigerstorm then halted next to her.

Lilyfall appeared too.

"Tigerstorm! Lets go hunting together!" Lilyfall exclaimed.

"Umm, sorry but me and Cherryfeather were about to go on a patrol together..." Tigerstorm lied.

Cherryfeather gave a low growl at Lilyfall, in complete jealousy.

"Actually! Tigerstorm, lets go...on that patrol now!" Cherryfeather blurted out.

Marshwillow barely saw Cherryfeather wink at Tigerstorm, signalling for him to play along.

"Of course! Lets go..." Tigerstorm meowed, then at the side.

"Cherryfeather...i'll talk to you later." Marshwillow meowed.

"Don't question my mate!" Tigerstorm growled.

"I was just- nevermind..." Marshwillow shrugged. "You have a nice time then, both of you." she meowed.

"Thanks!" Tigerstorm meowed.

"Why did you call me 'your mate' to her!" Marshwillow overheard Cherryfeather meowing at Tigerstorm.

"Just to tell her to back off." Tigerstorm licked his shoulder.

"One, shes a she-cat, two, shes my sister!" Cherryfeather purred.

"Oops, call me a mouse then," Tigerstorm smiled.

"You mouse then." Cherryfeather replied, grinning.

"Hey I swear ill turn you into crow-food!" Tigerstorm chased after her, and their voices drifted away from the nursery.

Marshwillow smiled a bit, she felt happy for Cherryfeather, and Tigerstorm was very understandable.

Chapter Twelve

Cherryfeather slowed down, breathing heavily and Tigerstorm caught up to her.
"So, lets.. hunt?" asked Cherryfeather happily.
"Yeah! Okay! If you want," smiled Tigerstorm.
"Lets sneak up on that rabbit," Cherryfeather suddenly saw two rabbit ears just ubove the undergrowth.
Tigerstorm nodded, spotting the prey, and crouched into an impressive hunter's crouch. Cherryfeather silently crept up on the rabbit from one side, whilst Tigerstorm creeped up on it from the other side. They closed in on it until Cherryfeather pounced, claws unsheathed. They rabbit immediately started running towards Tigerstorm, who was camouflaged by the shadows. As the rabbit came closer to him, she saw his claws slice through the rabbit viciously. Cherryfeather smiled, got up from the hunter's crouch and made her way back towards Tigerstorm.
"Nice catch!" she purred.
"Wouldn't have caught it without you!" smiled Tigerstorm.
Suddenly, Lilyfall came our from behind some undergrowth and stalked towards them, a slight jealous look in her eye.
"Did you catch that, Tigerstorm?" asked Lilyfall gently.
"We both caught it," meowed Tigerstorm formally, moving towards Cherryfeather.
"Your so strong, I wouldn't be surprised if you caught it yourself," flirted Lilyfall, coming in between Cherryfeather and Tigerstorm and brushing against him.
Cherryfeather growled slightly, her piercing blue eyes staring into Lilyfall's.
"You know, I would *love* a mate like you," she purred, staring deep into Tigerstorm's eyes.
Lilyfall was on the ground as soon as the words escaped her lips. Cherryfeather strong forepaws pinned her down and stared into Lilyfall dark green eyes angrily. Tigerstorm hauled Cherryfeather off of Lilyfall, a strange look in his eyes. Lilyfall looked triumphant, and brushed against Tigerstorm. Cherryfeather couldn't believe it! She felt anger surge up in her, barely controllable. But just then,

Tigerstorm flung Lilyfall down, full force and pinned her down.
"How.. dare.. you," he could barely speak for anger.
"I-I-," Lilyfall tried to speak, but Tigerstorm covered her mouth with a forepaw.
Tigerstorm picked her up and flung her as hard as he could.
"I'm sorry about that, Cherryfeather," Tigerstorm apologized.
"It's not your fault," smiled Cherryfeather.
"Well, lets get back to camp," he smiled before charging away.
Cherryfeather followed fast, barely skimming the ground as she ran through the undergrowth and past large trees. Eventually, when she got back to camp, she was met with the scent of herbs that surrounded the nursery den. She knew what it was immediately, Windleap was having her kits.

She through to the nursery immediately and saw Windleap lying on her side, groaning, Lynxfur, organising herbs and giving them to Windleap and Beechclaw, who was sitting at the side, anxiously looking at Lynxfur and Windleap. Suddenly, Cherryfeather watched as two small kits were born. One, however, wasn't moving.
"Windleap! Are you okay!" meowed Cherryfeather, rushing over to her mother's side.
"She's weak," meowed Lynxfur. "And I'm afraid that one of the kits didn't make it. The tom."
"Beechclaw, you may give the dead one a name, but I would like to name the she-kit," meowed Windleap, breathing heavily.
"I shall call her Ashkit, and she shall be strong and healthy."
Cherryfeather smiled at the small, light brown kit who was rushing towards Windleap to get fed.
"I shall be the best sister to this little one," Cherryfeather gave the small kit a lick before leaving it with it's mother.
I shall let no cat harm my little sister, I will kill a cat for her, I will betray my Clan for her. I shall be a much better sister to her than I was to Marshwillow. Cherryfeather vowed, leaving the nursery.

Chapter Thirteen

Marshwillow ran over, her kits at her heels rushing over to Ashkit.

"Shes so precious, and delicate." Marshwillow sighed, then smiled.

"A new playmate!" Lilykit meowed confidently, "Yeah!" Goldenkit nodded, "Shes our kin!" he added on, "Y-Yeah, I-It'll be fun!" Scorchkit, quietly squeaked.

Windleap smiled at the nice comments, Lynxfur then blocked them, "It's time for them to rest." Lynxfur replied.

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But then, a clan meeting was called.

"All cats gather around for a clan meeting!" Archstar meowed.

"So first of all, I forgot some new additions to Windclan!" Archstar admitted.

"Marshwillows kits were born a while ago, welcome, Lilykit, Scorchkit, and Goldenkit!" Archstar commented.

"And Windleap has just had two kits! We all mourn for the young tom, Duskkit, who died." Archstar meowed, "Welcome Ashkit!" Archstar meowed.

All cats cheered their welcome to the new additions, and then Archstar flicked his tail for silence.

"Now, we have quite a few ceremonies now." Archstar meowed.

"Bravekit, Amberkit, Fawnkit, Heatherkit. Come up!" Archstar meowed.

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"Bravepaw your mentor will be, Tigerstorm, he has proved himself worthy to Windclan, looking past his loner life."

"Amberpaw your mentor will be, Cherryfeather, to follow on Tigerstorm. Cherryfeather, you are very good at fighting and you will pass down all your techniques to young Amberpaw." Archstar smiled, and they touched noses.

"Fawnkit your mentor will be Sagecloud, Sagecloud, you have proven your loyalty, looking past your nasty side." He dipped his head and they touched noses.

"Heatherkit your mentor will be Frogwhisker, You have shown you can be loyal and trustworthy and a good mate to Marshwillow." he added with a tint of amusement. Frogwhisker frowned and he continued, and then they touched noses.

"Now, Reedpaw and Featherpaw, come up," he beckoned them after the cheers dared down after the apprentice ceremonies.

"I am unforunate to say, we had to hold your ceremony back, although you had your assessment a while ago, just there wasn't alot of kits, and now, you can prove yourself." Archstar smiled to his clan, and the apprentices.

Reedpaw smiled back, like stars were in his eyes, same with Featherpaw.

"Reedpaw, your warrior name will be, Reedfern, Starclan honour your loyalty, may Skyshine watch over you, proudly." Archstar smiled.

Reedfern nodded and then stared at Featherpaw.

"Featherpaw, your warrior name will be, Feathermist, Starclan honour your courage and bright ideas, may Skyshine watch over you, proudly too." Archstar smiled.

Feathermist and Reedfern stared at eachother, buzzing with bubbly joy.

"You may sit vigil after this ceremony is over."

"The gathering is very soon, the cats I will select to go are, Reedfern, Feathermist, Cherryfeather, Lilyfall, Bravepaw,

Heatherpaw, Fawnpaw, Amberpaw, Beechclaw, Lakefrost and Petalwing. You may attend this gathering."

All cats nodded and smiled.

***

"Tell me all about the gathering please Cherryfeather!" Marshwillow smiled at her.

"Okay," Cherryfeather nodded.

Tigerstorm waited for her at the entrance, but there was Lilyfall again, Lilyfall attempted to trip up Cherryfeather but she hissed and made her fall back.

"Go away, or I will shred you." Cherryfeather snarled, protecting Tigerstorm.

"I will too!" Marshwillow volunteered.

"3 against 1, now vanish." Cherryfeather scooted her away.

She growled and turned away, very sassy like.

"I will shred you too, maybe even at the gathering." Lilyfall murmured.

Marshwillow heard this and gasped, "Then watch out lightning doesn't strike you by Starclan!" she hissed, and Lilyfall growled and ran off.

Updated Allegiances

WindClan

Leader- Archstar- Brown tabby tom.

Deputy- Ripplefang- unusual tortiseshell tom with dark green eyes.

Medicine Cat - Lynxfur: brown she-cat with amber eyes.

Warriors

Beechclaw- (Senior Warrior.) Dusky brown tom with creamy patches**.**

Gorsecloud- Cream coloured tom

Petalwing - (Senior Warrior.) Cream she cat with patches of white.

Lakefrost- Blue-gray tom with amber-greenish eyes.

Cherryfeather- Small black she-cat with a few grey flecks and white paws, a white chin, white chest and a white tail tip, with bright, piercing blue eyes, and sharp claws.

- Apprentice, Amberpaw.

Brightflower- Ginger she-cat with a white underbelly and a couple of stripes around it and dark green eyes.

Sagecloud- Big dusky brown tom with sage coloured eyes.

- Apprentice, Fawnpaw.

Rosecloud- Cream she cat with black patches and yellowish-amber eyes.

Frogwhisker- Small black and white tom with green-blueish eyes.

- Apprentice, Heatherpaw.

Swiftpetal- black and white she-cat.

Heronwing- brown she-cat

Feathermist: silver tabby with icy blue eyes.

Reedfern: blue-gray tom cat with amber eyes.

Tigerstorm: very big tabby tom with amber eyes.

- Apprentice, Bravepaw.

Lilyfall: white and reddish brown she-cat.

Wildstrike: tortiseshell and white tom cat.

Apprentices

Bravepaw- blue-gray tom with amber eyes.

Amberpaw- light ginger tabby she-cat with yellow eyes.

Heatherpaw- dark speckled tortiseshell she-cat with amber eyes.

Fawnpaw- dusky brown she-cat with blue eyes.

Queens

Windleap- pure white she-cat with amber eyes. (Nursing: Ashkit)

Marshwillow- big creamy-pale brown she-cat with a darker line down her back, flecks along side it, and bright amber eyes. (Nursing: Lilykit, Scorchkit, Goldenkit.)

Fernheart- gray tabby she-cat (Nursing: Coalkit, Driftkit, Minnowkit, Eaglekit.)

Honeypelt- pale brown she-cat with paler legs and tail tip, and green eyes. *Expecting Lakefrosts kits.*

Elders

Voletooth- Brown tom.

Traitorous Group:

INFO: These cats are tended to be feared by kittypets, loners, and rogues, Dusk and Gorse run it, and they want to recruit tons more, at least by the end of this book, there will be more than 50, or so members in it. The reason they are traitorous is because, they kill cats that get in their way, or just tons of cats in general, ShadowClan cats have had a few incidents in the last book about these cats, but never admitted it. So approximately over 25 cats have died, in general (including ShadowClan, rogues etc.) So, if these cats are eyed, they match be quite hard to beat.

Leader: Dusk: dusky brown cat with blue eyes, leader of group.

Assistant: Gorse: big tabby tom with mint eyes, deputy of group.

Silver: silver tabby she-cat with blue eyes.

Horse: big brown tom with amber eyes.

Stripe: pale gray tom with amber eyes and sharp claws.

Jill: tortiseshell she-cat with amber eyes.

Rocky: dark gray tom with dark green eyes.

Rosie: cream she-cat with blue eyes.

Squirrel: brown tabby tom with amber eyes, and a scar running down a flank.

Bramble: brown tom with sharp teeth and green eyes.

Icy: white she-cat with blue eyes.

Fox: ginger she-cat with dark amber eyes.

Stephen: blue gray tom cat with green eyes.

Chapter Fourteen

"So are we going to hunt? Fight? What are we going to do!" yelped Amberpaw excitedly.
"I'll show you round the territory first," meowed Cherryfeather briskly, heading over towards the entrance with Amberpaw at her heels.
Cherryfeather led the way around the territory, up the hills that she knew so well and around the grassy land of WindClan. Eventually, she came to a stop, she had showed Amberpaw all around the territory.
"Alright," she mewed. "Do you want to go back and have a rest, or learn how to hunt?"
"Can I learn how to fight?" asked Amberpaw eagerly.
"Okay, fine," smiled Cherryfeather. "Attack me."
Cherryfeather swerved to the side as Amberpaw clumsily pounced at her.
"You have to aim first, and then if you think they might dodge, swerve with them, and then you'll be able to pin them down," instructed Cherryfeather, "After that, when they attack, they will likely copy you, so use the move against them by swerving right round so your behind them and then attack. That's called a counter-attack, or that's what I call it anyway."
She let Amberpaw pin her down, using the first move, but then Cherryfeather kicked with her hind legs and Amberpaw sprung away and was sprawled out on the ground. As she got up, Cherryfeather pounced and pinned her down, with one paw on her opponent's legs and the other on her neck.
"Cats forget that another cat can use their legs just as well as their teeth, claws and paws, but you can't afford to forget it, it can cost you your life, and that's what makes it such a good move," meowed Cherryfeather, letting Amberpaw up. "Never forget to kick out if your legs are free, and never forget to pin your opponents legs down when you've got them under your paws."

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The fighting session went on until dusk, when both cats were very tired.
"Good work today, Amberpaw, but it's time we headed back, you must be hungry," purred Cherryfeather.
"Not at all! I could keep going forever!" smiled Amberpaw, following Cherryfeather as they trotted back to camp.
"Wouldn't you miss Dapplestream?" Purred Cherryfeather.
"Well.. maybe not *forever,"* meowed Amberpaw.
After that, both cats walked in silence, purring. Eventually, they arrived back at camp, well after sunset, where Archstar was gathering his warriors for the gathering.
"Quickly, grab a rabbit and eat it quick before we leave, you won't get another chance," whispered Cherryfeather to her apprentice.
Cherryfeather watched her apprentice quickly grab a small rabbit from the pile and settle down. Cherryfeather glanced around the camp before quickly trotting into the nursery to say goodbye to Marshwillow and Windleap. She saw Ashkit playing with Goldenkit, Scorchkit and Lilykit.
"Aww, see you later Marshwillow, Windleap," smiled Cherryfeather.
"And me?" squeaked Ashkit, tilting her head.
"Yes, and you," smiled Cherryfeather, turning and walking out of the den.
"Come on, we're leaving," meowed Archstar, making his way out of the camp, with all the other cats that had been told to go the gathering following him. Cherryfeather quickly caught up with them. She took one last look at the camp, before disappearing through the entrance...

Chapter Fifteen

(3 moons later.)

Marshwillow sat in silence, flicking her tail she was a bit annoyed at ShadowClan's prey stealing as she thought about it she noticed her kits were bombarding the entrance, Lilykit bubbling with joy.

"I am going to be the best apprentice, better than all of you!" she enthused.

Goldenkit grunted in complaint, "No- I will!" he squealed.

Scorchkit chanted and join in, "Mouse-brains, I'll be better than all of you..." he hissed.

Marshwillow stepped infront of them, "Archstar will call a meeting, and I think you will just all be great apprentices each, It all depends how well your mentor knows things, but I think you'll get fine mentors," Marshwillow soothingly meowed.

Lilykit rolled her eyes, "Your just being sympathetic!" she meowed.

"Dont bother talking back, Lilykit, I could easily ask for Archstar to hold it back," Marshwillow smirked, playfully.

"You wont!" she gasped.

"Of course I wont, but you can't be like that to your mentor," Marshwillow sighed.

***

Her littermates, Scorchkit and Goldenkit glanced at her, then Archstar called a meeting.

"Alright," he waved his tail after the silence.

"Goldenkit, Lilykit, and Scorchkit, please come up," Archstar

meowed.

Frogwhisker and Marshwillow sat close together, watching with bubbly joy as their kits stood up.

"They will be amazing apprentices," Frogwhisker touched his nose with Marshwillow.

"I know," Marshwillow assured him, and herself.

"You have reached the age of six moons, and it is now time for you to be apprenticed, Goldenkit, you are now known as Goldenpaw, and your mentor will be, Petalwing, you are almost as your days as an elder you may enjoy your last warrior days," Archstar called, and Petalwing smiled before touching noses with him.

"Petalwing is a loyal warrior, she will do well," Marshwillow murmured.

"Scorchkit or well 'paw now, your mentor will be Gorsecloud, You have shown well Gorsecloud, getting over Skyshines death, and such, but you are a loyal brother to me too." Archstar smiled, and they touched noses.

"Lilypaw your mentor will be Rosecloud, you have been non-stop great at things after you became a warrior, Rosecloud, show well to this young apprentice." Lilykit smiled and touched noses with her.

"Great options!" Frogwhisker cheered for his sister.

"They may be kin, but Rosecloud will do well," she smiled.

Marshwillow huffed, knowing she would be off queen duties now, and took the time to look at Ashkit.

"When will I be an apprentice?" Ashkit asked, with a questioning tone.

"Soon, you will be such a truly amazing apprentice," Marshwillow smiled, and nuzzled her.

"Thanks Marshwillow, I wonder who my mentor will be?" She

asked.

"Oh, I don't know that, but Archstar most certainly *will* pick the right one for you!" Marshwillow complimented,

"Really?" she asked, tilting her head slightly.

"Of course!" Marshwillow purred.

"Windleap, I-I dont wanna nap," but her jaws already parted into a yawn.

"Oh dear, you must be tired, anyways, Marshwillow, thanks for the visit, see you later," she meowed, then Marshwillow nuzzled her mother, affectionately.

"I need to give them all fresh-kill, its a sleepy, misty day, I feel like I could rest, but I dont want too." Marshwillow murmured, and delievered fresh-kill to each of the queens, before Ripplefang approached her.

"Marshwillow- Ah! Can you go on a border patrol? Check a couple of Thunderclan borders, at the gathering a couple of moons ago, they admitted they stole prey from WindClan. Honestly, Its not like Thunderclan to be *unloyal*. I've told Lakefrost your going with him and Reedfern." he asked.

Marshwillow dipped her head, "Of course, Ripplefang." she meowed, then walking to the border.

"Right, your all here, lets go," he murmured and set off.

They set down through marshes, birch trees, and looked around.

"I smell Thunderclan, just over the border a bit...but...I smell...Our clan, Windclan scent here too!" she exclaimed.

"Interesting." he added, "Lets check back here on the way back, for all we know Thunderclan, could be spying, or meeting with someone from our clan," Reedfern assumed.

"No, It won't all Windclan warriors are loyal!" Marshwillow yowled.

"Thats what you assume," Lakefrost chuckled.

Something rustled in the bushes, loudly and Lakefrost froze.

"I'll go check," he murmured.

***

Two cats, popped out of the bush with menacing smiles and grim, evil pale eyes, their fur all matted and tangled, and they smelt unusal.

"Should we, Jill?" the blue-gray tom asked.

"Yes, Stephen, lets destroy him with the wrath of our claws for invading *our* space," Jill, her tortiseshell fur bristled and fluffed out.

Stephen and Jill charged towards Lakefrost, Stephen lunged for his neck.

Lakefrost kept fighting off claws from his face, and he fell back.

"Help him! Lakefrost, we're coming!" Marshwillow gasped, Marshwillow and Reedfern charged for Stephen and Jill, who Stephen pinned down Lakefrost, while Jill kept swiping her claws at his neck, laughing menacingly.

He fell limp and just as that, Marshwillow lunged for Jill, her flanks heaved.

"You monster, you do realize he was our clanmate!" Marshwillow with widened eyes, slightly trembling as she bared her sharp teeth.

"Oh, but he invaded our territory, the humanplace has been taken over by us," Jill grinned, and Marshwillow jumped onto her, biting her neck, but Jill fought her off by falling purposely to the ground. Marshwillow skidded across, while Reedfern heaved, trying to help her as Stephen licked blood off of his lips, he had obviously bitten Reedfern.

"Im done here Jill, we've tortured them enough, you deal with this mere cats, i'll see you at camp," he smiled cruely, before stepping on

Lakefrosts limp body purposely before walking off.

"No, you cant, not till you pay!" Marshwillow cried, as Jill swiped at her and she fell back, she then felt weak, and Reedfern was pinned, as more cats appeared from the bushes, Marshwillow grabbed Lakefrosts body, and yelled through shut teeth.

"Run! We are outnumbered! We shouldn't risk our lives now, we will avenge him some other day, its all that counts, just run, Reedfern!" Marshwillow sprang up, being a Windclan cat, her legs bolted fast with Lakefrosts tail in her mouth, and Jill smiled cruely as they ran for their lives.

They got back at camp, Honeypelt, unforunately was right at the entrance, "Lakefrost- Fernheart had her kits-" she eye wideningly gasped.

Marshwillow felt a tear forming in her eye too as well as Honeypelts.

...Im stunned honestly, I cant... I cant...! He cant-

Cherryfeather strolled through camp with Amberpaw at her heels, until she yowled in dismay as she saw Marshwillow.

"Lakefrost is dead!" Marshwillow yelled, her voice crackily with grief and she looked at the scar on her leg, that split open again, and her flank ached, she fell back into nothingness.

But...I...I didn't get to explain.

And then her thoughts just stopped, and blood pounded in her ears, she was alive, but... did she possibly faint because of grief?

Chapter Sixteen

Cherryfeather glanced around in shock at all her clanmates. She had just got back from a boring gathering, although ThunderClan seemed to be more or less friendly to WindClan, which didn't seem right for some reason, they had taken WindClan's side when ShadowClan accused WindClan scent of being on their side of the border. But Cherryfeather shook her thoughts about the gathering away, what had happened to WindClan while she had been away!? She saw a few cats surrounding Lynxfur, before she dashed away into the nursery. Cats were staring at a dead body on the floor in shock, they seemed to be grieving. Her heart beating faster, Cherryfeather charged over to the body, to see it was Lakefrost! She gaped at him, his sightless green-hazel eyes half closed, his blue-grey fur covered with blood. Grief overwhelmed her but she pushed it away angrily, who had done this? *Revenge and anger Is the only way to stop grief and sadness from becoming too much to handle,* she thought to herself furiously.

Just then, she spotted her sister's pelt among all the cats who were hearing from their clanmates what had happened while they had been away at the gathering. She stumbled towards her, breathing fast and heavily. Marshwillow looked destroyed, as if she had seen things she couldn't un see.
"Are you okay? What happened," fear edged Cherryfeather's mew.
"I- t-they," stammered Marshwillow, struggling to speak. "Jill and Stephen, those were cats who came and killed L-L-Lakefrost. We were.. outnumbered... They.. brought.. others.. after.. killing.. Lakefrost."
Suddenly, Marshwillow fell back, on to the ground, panicking, Cherryfeather called to Lynxfur, who she assumed was somewhere in camp.
"Lynxfur!!" she yelled across the clearing, pricking her ears, she listened for a response.
"What?" she heard Lynxfur annoyed mew from the nursery.
"Marshwillow.. fainted," Cherryfeather's mew was edged with panic.
"Wait what," Cherryfeather saw Lynxfur run out of the nursery and

charge over to where Cherryfeather was sitting with Marshwillow. "She's in shock, from what happened," Lynxfur mewed, half to herself.

As Lynxfur gently took Marshwillow into the medicine cats den, Cherryfeather glanced around the clearing, a plan forming in her mind. She saw Tigerstorm trotting up to her, and she decided to ask him about what had happened when she had been away, he hadn't attended the gathering.
"Hi Tigerstorm," she mewed. "Do you by any chance know Stephan and Jill?"
"Oh yes, those were the cats that had killed Lakefrost," smiled Tigerstorm icily. "I'm glad he's gone, are you."
"Wait a second *what* did you just say," Cherryfeather growled, staring at Tigerstorm, claws unsheathed.
"N-Nothing," Tigerstorm mewed quickly, blushing slightly.
"Well okay, I just wanted to ask if you knew where the attack happened," explained Cherryfeather.
Tigerstorm nodded slowly, "Yeah, I can take you there if you want."
"Okay," smiled Cherryfeather, but just as they were about to leave, Lilyfall and Heronwing appeared from behind them.
"What are you up to?" asked Lilyfall, glaring at Cherryfeather.
Cherryfeather ignored them, making her way out of camp, with Tigerstorm at her heels. But the two she-cats didn't give up.
"We know you're up to something," meowed Heronwing, narrowing her eyes.
"Thanks for that information, we totally needed to know," whispered Cherryfeather sarcastically.
"What did you just say!?" asked Lilyfall, whipping around in front of her, fur rising.
Tigerstorm had just left, to make dirt before they left, so now she had to face Lilyfall and Heronwing alone.

Heronwing had now stepped in front of Cherryfeather as well and was copying Lilyfall, blocking her way and fur puffed out so they both looked twice their actual size.
"Tell us what you said and what you're up to," growled Lilyfall. "Right now! I'll shred you if you don't."
Lilyfall and Heronwing both slid out their claws. Cherryfeather stared emotionless at them, smiling icily, eyes not moving from

theirs.

"Do you want to die?" she asked smoothly, without a hint of emotion at all. "Do you want to die a painful death? Do you want to hear the bubbling of your own blood in your throat? See your body as a spirit, all cut and shaking, until everything turns black, and your lost forever? In an endless abyss of darkness and blood?"
Every time she spoke, her smile grew larger and larger. She saw both cats shaking.
"I can make your future that exact way, an eternity of darkness and your own bright red blood." Cherryfeather meowed. "Do you want it to come to that? It will if you don't leave right now, and it will happen if you tell anyone about what has happened."
Both cats had flattened their fur, sheathed their claws and were now shaking.
"Understand?" there was a hint of anger in Cherryfeather's voice.
The two cats nodded slowly before dashing back off into the camp.
Cherryfeather smiled, she had managed to scare them just by talking to them, she hadn't even had to unsheathe her claws.

Just then, Tigerstorm walked out of camp.
"Uh.. Tigerstorm.. I don't know if we can attack Jill and Stephen, and their.. patrol.. I need to tell you something," meowed Cherryfeather, looking at the ground.
"Yeah? What is it?" asked Tigerstorm, washing his ears.
"Well.. your going to be a father," Cherryfeather blurted out.

Chapter Seventeen

Marshwillows ears still pulsed with blood, she saw Frogwhisker, Lilypaw, Goldenpaw, and Scorchpaw leaning over.

She heard Tigerstorm and Cherryfeather return, she buzzed with excitement as Tigerstorm cooed over her.

"Why am I here...?" she groaned.

"Oh no," she murmured.

Frogwhisker eyes widened.

"Tell me whats wrong with her now, you just said oh no, thats never good!" Frogwhisker declared.

"Shes, lost a bit of her memory...you see." Lynxfur said through gritted teeth.

"How...much." he unsteathed his claws at her.

"A bit," she meowed, unmoving.

"Never seen you be so protective...but okay." she shrugged.

"Its because you hate her, and hide things from her!" Frogwhisker growled.

Lynxfur was taken aback and stuttered dishonestly, "I-I...dont hate anyone, what are you talking about?" she smiled.

"Oh, I know right that you hate pretty much everyone," Frogwhisker shot back at her, corning her.

"I-I." Lynxfur murmured.

"Guess what, congratulations, pretty much everyone hates you too." he uncornered her.

"...Do you want her to heal, are you asking for me to kill her?" she shot back at him.

"Oh, and are you asking me to tell Archstar, I won't hesitate too, now heal her, and tell me everything, or...I will tell, do you want to lose your position, and you have no right to tell him anything either, because, you started this by hiding things." Frogwhisker added.

Lynxfur's eyes widened.

"I-I..." she started.

"Now, lets get back to where we were." Frogwhisker smiled.

"I...I have never seen you so..." Lynxfur meowed.

His kits, watched with fear, as he confronted the medicine cat. Scorchpaw shifted his paws nervously as Frogwhisker walked back triumphantly.

"So what, I...love her! Why wouldn't I question you," Frogwhisker purred.

"Frogwhisker...this...isn't you," Goldenpaw meowed.

"What do you mean?" Frogwhisker shrugged.

"You...always had a calm and quiet nature...but now?" Goldenpaw meowed.

"But- shes refusing to heal your mother in a way, shes hiding things! Dont you love your mother?" Frogwhisker had a cry in his meow.

"I love my mother just as much as I love you, and I agree with our father, shes hiding things, Lynxfurs always been grumpy!" Lilypaw put in.

Scorchpaw murmured agreement, and Goldenpaw gave in.

"Now...do it, or I tell...Archstar," he meowed.

Lynxfur trembled the slightest bit. She tried keeping cool and stay confident, but really it seemed as if she was trying...hard.

"Same as Lakefrost, you didnt sit vigil for him, anything you'd like to say?" He growled.

"...Cherrypaw...him...they...they...fooled me as apprentices...they pranked me...and...like...everyone witnessed!" Lynxfur burst out.

"For that reason, seriously? Won't you ever let apprentices have fun." Frogwhisker calmed but anger in the tone of his voice.

Lynxfur stood quiet, as a gentle mild breeze swept inside the medicine cat den slowly, then drifting like gentle waves slowly out. The gentle breeze wasn't enough to sweep all the herbs off her pile, but enough to gently and smoothly ruffle her fur, as she blinked, slowly and breathed in and out, before opening her eyes, and staring at Frogwhisker again. Lilypaw stood closest to the entrance, her tortiseshell fur brushing of the narrow entrance of the den. Scorchpaw just ahead of her, his tail bushing out, and Lilypaw flinching as it waved and flicked in her face, Scorchpaw then heard the soft bristles and turned around, meeting her soft amber gaze and then she narrowed her eyes, Scorchpaw stood foward apologetically. She shook her fur slightly as Goldenpaw stood by Frogwhiskers side.

Lynxfur still stood silently twitching mostly her whole body, a stronger breeze fell and waved in knocking a bit of marigold over and watermint. They fell one from each pile before Lynxfur clenched them in her teeth, as dawn fell across the sky with a mix of colours such as purple orange and yellow and a bit of pink and with the bright sunset slowly moving down over the horizon of the ground it looked astonishing. Dusky white clouds shaded in with the brown thin outlines as it seemed. Hills stood out on end over where the moor lay.

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Marshwillow blinked open her eyes in frustration, bored out of her fur Lynxfyr paced back and forth, it had been about a quarter of a moon, and she was slowly gaining her memory back, just recent

events, she somehow remembered events from ages ago.

"I never got to sit vigil for Lakefrost," she whined.

"Do it now, just pray to him in the sky in Starclan," Lynxfur snapped.

"Do you ever take Starclan seriously?" Marshwillow rolled her eyes.

"Hopefully the next medicine cat apprentice, or cat, I dont know, will be a bit more sympathetic and grateful," Marshwillow murmured, and Lynxfur bristled.

"Well my next apprentice will either be one from Honeypelts litter, or Fernhearts litter, which she is currently nursing, or from Cherryfeathers," she snapped, and added "Which I doubt from Cherryfeathers," she added in a low tone.

"Wait...Cherryfeathers?" Marshwillow asked eagerly.

"Yeah, she told everyone during a meeting, and got into a huge fight with Lilyfall, Shes expecting Tigerstorms kits." She told Marshwillow.

"T-That amazing!" Marshwillow squealed, "WindClan will be so populated!" She added on.

"Im sure it will, but then it needs more medicine cats then." Lynxfur rolled her eyes.

"I'll get you something for your body, so you can get better," Lynxfur murmured.

She took out herbs, and gave it too Marshwillow.

"Alright, you can go, but...take it easy," Lynxfur meowed.

"Lynxfur, you seem so loyal," Marshwillow turned.

"Of course im loyal, I may not be the sympathetic cat you want me to be, but loyalty matters alot, especially with a rank like mine." She told staying calm.

"Okay, I understand, you can be sympathetic when you want to be I guess," Marshwillow meowed.

Lynxfur nodded, "Exactly," she smiled a bit, and it seemed to Marshwillow it was her first smile in years.

Chapter Eighteen

(2 Moons Later...)

Cherryfeather heaved slightly in the nursery. They had been the most boring two moons of her lives, and she wasn't really that excited to have her kits anymore. At the start she had been extremely excited, but now she felt like her kits would never come, she was going to have to wait another moon probably. She slumped down on the moss, slightly angry. She was never going to be able to avenge Lakefrost's death like this! Suddenly, she felt something strange, she felt very tired all of a sudden and she had no idea what was going on. Fernheart took one look at her and her eyes widened before jumping up, her kits stumbling backwards as she did so.
"Cherryfeather! Cherryfeather! You're having your kits!" Fernheart yelled jumping up and howling at the top of her voice.
"Nope, of course I had no idea I was going to be having kits up until this point, I was completely oblivious, wasn't I?," growled Cherryfeather sarcastically.
"That's not what I mean! You're having your kits right now!" yowled Fernheart.
"Wait.. what!" meowed Cherryfeather, eyes wide.
"Y-yeah! I'll go get Lynxfur," Fernheart scrabbled out of the den.
"Cherryfeather, are you really having kits, like me?" asked Ashkit, tilting her head slightly.
"Yep your going to be an auntie already!" Cherryfeather joked, smiling at the kit, but inside she was very scared and excited, all at the same time.

Fernheart and Lynxfur barged through the den, eyes wide.
"Uh.. I think my kits are coming," meowed Cherryfeather slightly anxiously.
"Well okay, hold still, I'm sure you'll be fine," smiled Lynxfur slightly slyly. Cherryfeather felt angry that Lynxfur wasn't doing anything to help her, she could die giving birth if Lynxfur didn't help soon! Just then, Tigerstorm barged through into the den, he looked furious. One look at the medicine cat who was looking at

her, amused that she was in pain, Tigerstorm had her down on the floor of the nursery den.
"What exactly do you think your doing!" yelled Tigerstorm, flinging Lynxfur to the ground and raking his claws over her. "Absolutely nothing! Even though my mate is about to give birth! Do you care?! No!"
"I-I," Lynxfur was too shocked to speak.
"Now get over there and help my mate right now! Unless you're not going to even live long enough to see her kits being born!!" yowled Tigerstorm, angrily letting go of the medicine cat.
"Y-Yes, Tigerstorm, and Ch-Cherryfeather," stuttered Lynxfur, dipping her head and hurriedly assisting Cherryfeather.
"Uh.. I'm sorry about Tigerstorm.. he gets a bit.. you know.." whispered Cherryfeather to Lynxfur.
Lynxfur gulped and meowed quickly, "Wow, you're having four kits! That's quite a lot."
Cherryfeather gulped and felt a ripple pass through her whole body. She opened her eyes wide and looked down. There was a tiny bundle of black and white fluff next to her. She smiled, a she-kit.
"I'll call her Maplekit, if that's okay with you, Tigerstorm," smiled Cherryfeather, bundling the kit over to her.
"I've only got one name in mind, I'll name one, you name the rest," purred Tigerstorm, licking Spiritkit fondly.
Cherryfeather felt another ripple pass down her body and she shuddered as two little kits tumbled out.
"I'll call the little brown she-kit with white stripes Leafkit, and the white she-kit with brown stripes, brown tail tip and brown ear Spiritkit." purred Cherryfeather, licking them both.
"You can name the last one," she smiled at Tigerstorm, who was playing with Maplekit fondly.
"Okay!" purred Tigerstorm.
She felt one last, weaker ripple pass down her body and a little dark brown and black kit tumbled out.
"I'll name this one, the only tom, Squirrelkit," smiled Tigerstorm, licking the young tom gently.
"Welcome to WindClan," purred Cherryfeather softly. "I promise I will look after you well."

Chapter Nineteen

Marshwillow woke up, and Lynxfur looked internally terrified. She was shivering and shivering and looked despairing.

Lynxfur's eyes watered down onto the grassy, earth floor and she tried to hide it.

"Cherryfeather had her kits by the way, if you want to go see them," Lynxfur mumbled.

"Alright!" Marshwillow happily exclaimed, before walking out. She had never noticed Lynxfur so she didn't ask if she was okay.

Cherryfeather drowsily lay and at the leaves scuffling when Marshwillow walked in, she had awoken.

"Cherryfeather?" she murmured, all the queens looked tired, but the kits seemed to be awake.

"Their names are, Maplekit, Leafkit, Spiritkit, and Squirrelkit," she murmured.

"Those are beautiful, but yet adorable names.

Honeypelt's kits came awhile ago, they were named, Willowkit, Fennelkit and Adderkit.

Marshwillow took a glance at Cherryfeather's kits again happily.

She had four, how lucky! But yet tiring! But really, having three is enough work so I cant complain.

"So much kits," Fernheart muttered then looked at hers playing around.

Coalkit was pretending to be the leader. Fernheart's litter was the oldest. Windleap's was second, Honeypelt as third, Cherryfeather's as the fourth.

Although Honeypelt was still grief-struck by Lakefrost's Death, the kits helped her and put her mind at ease.

Archstar called a meeting, and all kits rushed out knowing it was their ceremony.

"We have a lot of meetings to call out, we will do the warrior ceremony first."

"Bravepaw, Fawnpaw, Heatherpaw and Amberpaw. Come out," Archstar beckoned.

"Bravepaw, you will now be known as Braveheart, StarClan honour your energy and bravery," Tigerstorm looked happily at his apprentice.

"Heatherpaw you will now be known as Heatherfang,"

"Fawnpaw you will now be known as Fawnbrook,"

"Amberpaw, you will now be known as Amberflower,"

Archstar looked happily at the warriors and Ripplefang and Dapplestream exchanged happy glances for their kits.

"Now, Coalkit, Minnowkit, Eaglekit, and Driftkit," Archstar beckoned the young kits up.

"Driftkit, you will be known as Driftpaw, your mentor will be...me," Archstar boomed his voice around.

Driftpaw muttered something intensely to his littermate, Minnowpaw, but turned back briefly to Archstar and he dipped his head.

"Minnowkit, your mentor will be...Marshwillow,"

Marshwillows eyes widened *He picked me as a mentor? I'm going to be the best mentor I can be and pass down my hunting skills!*

Marshwillow padded up to Minnowpaw before touching noses with her, She looked very enthusiastic and confident, so she knew this

would he the perfect match.

"I'll be the best apprentice I can," Minnowpaw murmured briefly.

"Coalkit you will now be known as Coalpaw, and your mentor shall be... Wildstrike." Coalpaw gave a shy-eyed look at Wildstrike but he murmured something reassuringly at him, and he smiled.

"And last but not least, Eaglepaw, your mentor will be... Beechclaw!" Marshwillow murmured something under her breath in a lighthearted and happy tone.

"Meeting dismissed," Archstar shouted. Cats divided into large groups, then smaller groups then the murmuring dared down as some split up to hunt with friends, family and etc.

Marshwillow gazed at the sun, it still shone brightly in the sky, until she realised she was being whirled into a dream.

"The afterglow of the sun, will shape the clans destinies, and help it or not, when dusk tries to unsettle the bright day cherries will grow on the marshes and help bring it to life." The starry warrior settled an uneasy glance at Marshwillow.

The starry warriors crowded around her, all exchanging glances at the cat who stood next to Marshwillow.

"Mintleaf, we need too..." But then Marshwillow realised the starry warrior were fading closer to the stars, until she realised she was snapped back into reality.

"Mintleaf," she murmured, "A prophecy...?"

"I mean, the best thing is is to tell Lynxfur," Marshwillow murmured warily and padded out of the den.

"Lynxfur," she hissed, and she was making poultices, and sorting her herbs into piles.

"Yes?" She impatiently sighed.

"I think...I have a prophecy." Marshwillow explained.

Lynxfur's eyes widened, "Did any cat in particular send it to you?" She was now more in depth into her story.

"Mintleaf, I think, as it faded, Mintleaf was being spoken too..." Marshwillow meowed.

"M-Mintleaf...my mentor," Lynxfur sighed.

"I forgot she taught you," Marshwillow shrugged.

"Yes, If it wasn't for that stupid flood, but...do you remember the prophecy?" She widened her eyes again.

Marshwillow knew she was engaged in the story, otherwise it would of ended up with a 'Go away' Or 'Come back later, unless your injured,'

"The afterglow of the sun, will shape the clans destinies, and help it or not, when dusk tries to unsettle the bright day cherries will grow on the marshes and help bring it to life...I think that was it!" Marshwillow sighed in relief.

"Marshes...Cherries..." Lynxfur mumbled.

"Oh, StarClan! Marshwillow this is a prophecy about you!" She exclaimed.

"Why not Cherryfeather?" She frowned.

"And Cherryfeather, I meant," She added on.

Marshwillow sighed in relief, she couldn't manage a prophecy by herself!

"I'll be going, im going to visit Cherryfeather's kits," Marshwillow murmured.

"And Find Frogwhisker along with it," she happily murmured, she never really saw Frogwhisker after he became a mentor, but now the two were at peace with extra duties.

Lynxfur clicked her tongue, "Bye," she continued to sit down and

she still looked slightly terrified and depressed.

Marshwillow crept through the nursery quietly, Ashkit was playing with Honeypelt's kits, and she would join Fernheart's litter soon becoming apprentices.

"Cherryfeather, their adorable," she smiled.

Cherryfeather sat up a bit, her kits looked ready to sleep, as it was moonhigh.

"Cherryfeather, can I speak to you, its about some prophecy..." Marshwillow whispered quietly.

Cherryfeather glanced at her kits tumbling over each other, and returned the glance to Marshwillow

"But who will watch them?" She smiled.

"Their about ready to sleep...oh I know! Get Tigerstorm! He's shown so much interest in you and his kits and im sure he would have no problem!" Marshwillow mewed.

"That's a good idea," Cherryfeather stalked off to go find him.

"Watch them a minute, Marshwillow, you have experience too." She smiled.

"Gotcha," Marshwillow murmured.

She continued to watch the kits in particular, but Squirrelkit had seemed to bite onto a leaf and started mewling.

Marshwillow picked him up by the scruff and lay him down carefully, giving him a few licks to soothe him.

"Goodnight little kits, your father will take good care of you for a couple of minutes," Marshwillow smiled, and feltd the breezy wind as it blew gently one way, and made leaves sway a bit.

She did have an idea on how she was going to Cherryfeather, but she thought I*ts best to just tell her the prophecy because I have no clue*

what its trying to reference here! I wish I did though, or it would be so much easier to put it in a way. Oh StarClan!

Chapter Twenty

Cherryfeather licked Leafkit, who shied away, clearly embarrassed. She giggled slightly before padding out of the nursery and out, into the moonlit clearing. She watched as cats finished up fresh-kill, buried it and hurried to escape into their dens to avoid the cold air blasting through. Marshwillow was watching her kits when she went and got Tigerstorm so that Marshwillow could tell her something 'very important'

"What could be more important than sleep!" muttered Cherryfeather to herself, before trotting off to the warriors den and peering in.

"Tigerstorm..?" she mewed quietly. A dark figure sat up immediately and made it's way to the entrance. As the figure came to the front, the moonlight shone on him and lit up his pelt.

"Oh, Cherryfeather!" purred Tigerstorm. "Is there something wrong?"

"No, I was just wondering if you could keep an eye on our kits for a bit, Marshwillow wants to talk with me about something," smiled Cherryfeather.

"Okay!" purred Tigerstorm, making his way over to the nursery. Marshwillow trotted out just as he came in and signalled with her tail to follow her as she made her way over to the entrance to camp. Cherryfeather caught up quickly and padded out of camp behind Marshwillow.

"What is it?" asked Cherryfeather, slightly annoyed.

"We-We're part of a prophecy!" Marshwillow looked as if she could explode with excitement. It took a moment for Cherryfeather to take it in.
"What.. what do you mean?" asked Cherryfeather, shocked.
"The afterglow of the sun will shape the Clans destiny, and help it or not, when Dusk tries to unsettle the bright day, cherries will

grow on the marshes and help bring it back to life, that was the prophecy!" continued Marshwillow, "Aren't you excited about this!?"
Cherryfeather nodded and quietly slipped back into the camp, her mind twirling with what Marshwillow had said. She hadn't made it obvious to Marshwillow that she was slightly scared, she didn't want to be known for that - 'The cat who was scared of a prophecy' - Cherryfeather shook her head, Marshwillow couldn't have noticed, she was good at hiding things from her sister, that reminded her... Smokepelt!

Cherryfeather anxiously closed her eyes and willed herself to the place of no stars. Instantly, she was up again, she looked around the dark forest, slightly fearful.
"Cherryfeather!" came a voice from the darkness. "I can't believe you're here! I've came here every night, just in case you came."
"Oh Smokepelt!" purred Cherryfeather, as she saw him trotting over to her in the gloom. "I'm really sorry, stuff has been pretty busy for me."
"What like?" purred Smokepelt, coming over and sitting beside her.
"Well first, Tigerstorm and I had kits," she smiled. "They're called Maplekit, Leafkit, Spiritkit and Squirrelkit. Leafkit always comes up the best ideas, Maplekit's quite shy and quiet, but very clever, Spiritkit reminds me of Marshwillow, loyal and considerate, and always happy and bouncy, and then there is Squirrelkit, the only male kit of the litter, he is strong and independent." Cherryfeather purred as she thought of her kits, but Smokepelt had gone deadly silent.
"Are.. you.. meaning.. to tell me.. that.. YOU HAD KITS WITH SOME RANDOM CAT FROM YOUR CLAN?!" yelled Smokepelt, fur standing on end, shaking with fury, "How could you! I thought we were going to be mates!"
"You're jealous," mewed Cherryfeather, with no emotion. "You don't want me to be happy, do you? I thought we were friends, must've been wrong, hm?"
Smokepelt had started backing away from Cherryfeather, he knew she was madder than he ever could be, Cherryfeather was coming closer to him, creeping towards him, as if she was stalking her prey. She was smiling.
"You're angry at me because I *had kits. Got a mate.* That's why you're angry at me? Well I'll tell you something, I'm never coming back

here and if I do, it's to make sure you'll never come back." Cherryfeather mewed emotionlessly, her blue piercing eyes lighting up the dead, shadowy forest.

Chapter Twenty-One

Marshwillow twitched her ear and woke up Minnowpaw.

"Training, come on," Marshwillow yawned.

"Now?" Minnowpaws eyes widened.

"Yeah, now when else would we train?" Marshwillow smiled.

"Uh, when I've had enough sleep," Minnowpaw yawned but stood up anyways.

"No, im going to train you to be a good apprentice, not a lazy one," Marshwillow laughed.

Minnowpaw frowned, "Well, I guess," she exclaimed.

"Anyways? What are we doing? Hunting? Fighting?" Minnowpaw asked.

"Hunting, today," Marshwillow nodded.

"Okay," Minnowpaw coolly said.

Marshwillow realized Goldenpaw was dazing off, staring at her.

Marshwillow laughed, and he blushed at his mother looking at him.

"Goldenpaw, go back to your training," Marshwillow held in laughter.

Goldenpaw blushed embarrasingly and walked away.

Cherryfeather heaved out of the nursery with her kits at her heels, and Tigerstorm watching them, Tigerstorm was playing with Squirrelkit intensely, pretending to be a mouse with his paw.

Willowkit charged out after Cherryfeather.

"Ha!" She exlcaimed, "Its a mouse!" Although it wasn't Tigerstorm's kit, he didn't seem to care.

Marshwillow was about to walk out of camp, when she was stopped by a screech of dismay.

"Archstar?" Petalwing cried in the crowd.

Some cats ran out of his den, they had that familiar look and familiar scent.

"...W...What happened...?" Minnowpaw asked.

"Archstar has lost one of his lives! And Heronwing is dead!" Ripplefang widened his eyes.

"H-Heronwing A-Archstar?" Minnowpaw exclaimed.

"...Icy and Bramble," A dusky brown tom butted in.

"Kill this cat please." The tom growled, pointing at Windleap.

Windleap eyes widened with shock. "D-Dusk? W-Why are you here?" She whispered, but Marshwillow caught this.

"For you to pay." He snarled, but Marshwillow didn't hear anything else after that.

Icy and Bramble had charged towards her, but... instead, they ran into...

Marshwillow noticed the faint figures, two cats.

"F-Frogwhisker?" Marshwillow yelled.

"Tigerstorm!" Cherryfeather called after her.

"I wont let you touch Marshwillows kin," Frogwhisker hissed and made the first unintentional, move.

"Yeah! For Cherryfeather!" Tigerstorm yowled.

Marshwillow was seeing this before her eyes....*kin against...them?*

They are going to die! No!

But Frogwhisker and Tigerstorm nodded at eachother and held down Icy while Beechclaw ran in, holding Bramble by the ear, furiously.

"Ha, your weak," Beechclaw smiled.

Bramble snarled before yowling away, but to be stopped by Dusk.

"You failure!" Dusk snarled, "Gorse, come here my o' wonderful son," he smiled.

"Gorse, get Jill and Stephen, and drown him in the river." Dusk emotionlessly said.

Bramble hissed, "I was loyal!" he yowled in dismay, but was already being dragged away by Gorse.

"Make one move on Gorse, and i'll rip out your insides," Dusk whispered, then eyeing Marshwillow with a grin. She stood back.

S-Starclan, don't come towards me you mange-pelt!

He looked away, like he was looking for someone, and when Cherryfeather peered her head out of the nursery with a curious but the slightest worried look on her face, but once she saw Tigerstorm fighting off Icy, she purred and smiled.

Dusk was now staring at her, emotionlessly before watching Icy fight from outside.

"Why don't we attack that stupid cat over there?" Petalwing yowled, but Ripplefang silenced her, "Because...hes dangerous," he paused. "Reedfern told me," Ripplefang murmured to Petalwing and she nodded.

Icy yowled in dismay before she fell limp.

"She was worthless anyways, I didn't trust her," Dusk rolled his eyes, before strolling out towards the nearby river.

Out of curiosity, she wanted to see where he was going. She would need help though.

"Minnowpaw, we're following him," Marshwillow all of a sudden said.

"Yes! I love adventures!" Minnowpaw exclaimed.

"Its risky, stay quiet," Marshwillow instructed.

"He said he was going to drown Bramble with Jill, Gorse and Steeeeee-phen was it?" Minnowpaw asked.

"Weird names, I know, but yeah." Marshwillow meowed.

They strolled out by the river and hid behind a bush.

"You are a traitor Bramble! Weak, useless and unloyal, you will die that way!" Gorse ordered.

They pushed his head into the water ruthlessly, as Jill and Stephen watched, with a satisified look.

"Worthless," Jill murmured.

"Yes. Of Course," Stephen meowed.

Bramble gurgled and fell limp.

"I-I-I R-Regret E-Everything G-Gorse," and then Jill and Stephen let him go, his body floating down the river but sunk as it did.

"Run!" Marshwillow shrieked quietly, before taking off into the moors.

"Now...we can practice hunting, i'm sorry for dragging you into this, I was just curious," she murmured.

"I-Its okay, I understand," Minnowpaw sighed but smiled at the thought of hunting with her mentor.

After devastating Heronwing dying, and Archstar losing a life, was it all Marshwillows fault for finding the cats in the first place? Did

they follow her.

Marshwillow felt like tearing up at the thought of it being her fault for innocent cats being murdered.

The question buzzed in her head...

Had they visited other clans?

Chapter Twenty-Two

Cherryfeather ran out of the nursery just in time to see her Clan, all of them were looking petrified and shaking with fear. There was a loud noise and all eyes darted to the entrance to camp, which was ruined and now much larger than it had been before, five cats entered slowly. There was one cat at the front, he was a large dusky brown tom who was talking to the rest of the small group.
"Time for this small group of pathetic cats, to die," mewed the tom carelessly.
"Dusk! How could you!" yelped Windleap, shaking with fear.
"Start with her," mewed the tom, sitting down to watch.

Jill started to creep towards Windleap, followed closely by Stephen. Gorse sat beside his father and watched, purring slightly at the sight of the she-cat quivering with fear. Dusk was purring too, they were clearly enjoying watching it. Ripplefang jumped in front of Windleap just in time and fought with her at his side. But the cats were too strong and pinned them down. Jill took a chunk out of Windleap's leg and was about to lunge for her neck, when she kicked out with her hind legs and limped to the medicine den.
"You can get her later," yawned Dusk.
Stephan and Jill both unsheathed their claws and scratched and scratched at Ripplefang, until he fell limp. Both cats now creeped around camp, most cats were hiding in the nursery, or protecting the nursery. The nursery was the only den that hadn't been touched by the group. The Clan were deadly silent as Dusk stood up and made his way to the nursery, Cherryfeather stood in the way, but he went around to the back of the nursery. Cherryfeather was burning with rage as she watched him pick up little Fennelkit, who was part of Honeypelt's litter, she must have squeezed out of the back of the nursery. She squeaked in alarm as she was picked up.
"So, either give up your Clan or this little kit will have to pay the price," Dusk smirked. Cherryfeather gasped as he unsheathed his claws and lifted his paw.
"Aww, what a shame, you'll have to die, kit," he mewed, an icy smile appearing on his face. Just as he was about to swipe,

Cherryfeather pounced at him, took Fennelkit and put her back in the nursery. Dusk got up and growled, "I suppose you'll have to be the one that dies." He lunged for her, but Cherryfeather dodged and swiped him across the ears, making him whimper in pain as blood dripped down into his eyes.
"Aww, does your ear sting," Cherryfeather teased, dodging a vicious blow from Dusk.
The rest of the Clan watched in silence, staring at Cherryfeather, as if she had made the worst decision of her life.

Cherryfeather swiped at his flank, but he dodged quickly and attempted to jump on top of her. Cherryfeather dodged and let him fall to the ground. Dusk, all of a sudden, swiped at her and sliced through her fur, giving her a scar on her ear. Cherryfeather got up and stared at him with no emotion.
"Do you want to die?" she mewed after a moment. "Do you want to see nothing but blood."
She noticed that Dusk had started shakily laughing, simply for he had no idea what was coming.
"Do you want to die?" she repeated, this time lunging at him, and pinning him down.
"No," he couldn't keep the slight stutter out of his voice.
"You sure?" she purred, digging her claws into the flesh on his shoulders. "You've killed so many cats, perhaps you want to see what it's like.. to die yourself."
All of a sudden, she lunged for his neck and bit down hard, splattering blood everywhere.
"You took after me," he half-smiled smiled, before laying limp on the ground, dead.

Everyone was staring at her, shaking, Cherryfeather looked around at every cat, they had heard what she had said to him, they were scared of her, her own clanmates, were scared of her.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Marshwillow hopped out, after training with Minnowpaw, to see what she witnessed, was Cherryfeather lying there with blood all over her ear.

"C-Cherryfeather..." Marshwillow quivered nervously.

"So what? Are you going to tell me to stop battling because I have kits?" Cherryfeather narrowed her eyes to slits.

Marshwillow didn't respond, she bit her muzzle helplessly.

"Pathetic!" Cherryfeather rolled her eyes.

"No, you have a scar," Marshwillow growled.

"So what! Im only going to get stronger!" she purred.

Archstar limped out of his den. He had lost another life.

Marshwillow stood back a bit sighing, "I understand, but you cant just kill cats!" she yowled.

"Are you saying you dont care about your clanmates?" Cherryfeather snarled.

Other cats stared at her, with shocked glares.

"No!" Marshwillow yowled.

"Your lying!" Cherryfeather spat in her face.

"How would you know?" Marshwillow shot back, she was about to turn tail and run away, but Cherryfeather sprung onto her.

Archstar gasped.

"Look, your going too far! Im your sister, why would you want to

kill me? Or even attack me?" Marshwillow had a worried glance, but shook it away, to a serious glance.

Cherryfeather pinned her down. "I don't want to kill you, and I don't want to hurt you, and I won't, but seriously."

"I will reveal your secret if you go further, watch me do it!" Marshwillow snarled quietly.

Cherryfeather got off of her. "You wouldnt," her blue eyes pierced through her angrily.

Tigerstorm cut in, "How dare you!" he snarled, then pinned her down and almost hit her throat, hard.

Marshwillow swallowed with fear.

"This is it, this is the end, I get killed by my sisters mate." Marshwillow dazingly saw the world swirl behind her.

Tigerstorm then held her legs down and opened her scarred leg again.

Archstar then cut in.

"Tigerstorm! Thats enough!" Archstar growled.

Cherryfeather was staring at her, mouth open - "No! Marshwillow! Tigerstorm stop!"

Tigerstorm got off of her.

The world swirled and swirled until there was blackness.

"Tigerstorm, why did you do this," Cherryfeather spun around to face him, Marshwillow could still hear them talking.

"I-I-I didn't I was trying to point out you needed to see the medicine cat," Marshwillow croaked, then fell limp, but was still breathing.

She saw starry cats, and she could get up.

"Tigerstorm gave her nasty wounds," a white she-cat exclaimed.

"Yes," a blue-gray tom.

"I think she should die, shes Cherryfeathers sister," a orange-tom snarled. Marshwillow recognized this tom, it was Flamestar! But hes dead!

"No, Marshwillow has an important destiny, we *need* to send her back, to at least acomplish it," The white cat - Mintleaf sighed.

Wait, did Tigerstorm hurt me so badly that their deciding if I should die or not? No!

Marshwillow sniffed, she saw faint blurs in her fur.

"..I...I knew I was going to die," she yowled in dismay.

"No, we *are* sending her back whether you like it or not Flamestar, do you want to save your former clan!?" Mintleaf murmured.

"To a clan full of traitors? It'd be better if she lived here where peace lies!" Flamestar snarled and pounced on Mintleaf.

"Stop!" Lakefrost screeched.

"Is my body buried?" Marshwillows eyes widened.

"No, your in the medicine cat den, but your limp as if your dead, most cats believe your dead, but were telling Lynxfur your not and too keep you in the den," Mintleaf meowed curtly.

"Lynxfur is telling everyone she wants to do tests on you to see if you can be brought back to life, your not breathing now either," Lakefrost meowed.

"What? Then I can see why everyone thinks im dead, im in Starclan!" Marshwillow yowled.

"No your not dead," Rabbitkit squeaked with Skyshine at her side.

"I am, your just trying to cover it up!" Marshwillow cried.

"No your not, we're giving you another chance, but it will take a

day or so to send you back," Mintleaf meowed.

"How that is just unfair to other cats! So your saying that Tigerstorm killed me?" Marshwillow yowled.

"Yes, he did, every cat now believes your dead." Mintleaf meowed.

"No! Send me back! My mate my kits! Now! Now! Send me back," Marshwillow pleaded.

"It will take a day, calm down," Skyshine soothingly touched her tail-tip to her blurry fur.

"Why is my fur blurry?" Marshwillow meowed.

"Because you're in StarClan, the stars think your dead but your not, trust me," Skyshine looked down with a pleading look.

"Oh fine," Marshwillow sat down.

"Oh StarClan...What am I meant to do here for the full day? This feels so wrong for other cats, and why make people think im dead?" Marshwillow murmured, then rested her head on the gray, blurry forest floor.

Chapter Twenty-Four

"She's dead," mewed Archstar, staring coldly at Tigerstorm and Cherryfeather. "Tigerstorm, you're exiled from WindClan, leave now. As for you, Cherryfeather, you will be treated, as.. an apprentice from now on."
"No," mewed Cherryfeather, standing her ground.
"What did you say?" growled Archstar threateningly.
"I said no, my mate and my sister have been taken from me, do you really think I'm going to let you do that to me?" she growled, tears stinging her eyes.
"The punishment it final," growled Archstar.
"No it's not, I'm choosing to leave, I don't deserve to be here after what I've done to my sister, I will change myself, I will no longer kill cats, I will change to be more like my sister, for her, after what I've done to ruin her life." Cherryfeather blinked away tears, and ran out of camp, and away from her clanmates.

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Living away from the Clans, Cherryfeather thought, was rather peaceful, it wasn't crowded with cats, and what prey she caught, she only had to share it with her mate, Tigerstorm. Tigerstorm was now gathering leaves, twigs and vines to build dens with, while Cherryfeather hunted and made territory markers.
"There we go," she said to herself, as she finished the last marker. She picked up the small pile of fresh-kill she had managed to catch (this included a skinny mouse, a vole and a sparrow) and she set off, back to their 'camp' which was an area under a willow tree, where Tigerstorm had fended off using bushes. As she spotted the tree in the distance, she began to run, and suddenly remembered the races she had had with Marshwillow, when they had been apprentices and young warriors. Tears stung her eyes, but she blinked them away and slowed to a trot as she came up to the willow tree. Tigerstorm was there, he had already woven the base of a large den, and was patching up some holes in the top, he looked very tired.

"Hi, Tigerstorm," she mewed cheerfully. "Hey, you can rest and have some prey, I'll finish up the den and then gather materials for the nests inside."
"Thanks," Tigerstorm looked relieved.
"Any time," smiled Cherryfeather, trotting over and placing a leaf on the den and the took one of the vines and wrapped it around so it stayed. She continued working, and thought of Marshwillow, she had died, all because of her.

That night, Cherryfeather found it hard to sleep, remembering Marshwillow and all she had done for her. She felt guilt creeping up on her as she turned over in her half-made nest, her bushy tail covering the tip of her nose. *How could I have done that to her,* she thought tearfully, *how could I have done that to my dear sister.*

Chapter Twenty-Five

Marshwillow sat with her tail curved around her paws, and deep tears ran down her fluffy fur's face.

Mintleaf glared at her.

"You're going to let my mate and kits and sister know im dead?" Marshwillows voice cracked.

"But you're not dead," Mintleaf paused and flicked her ear, there was a russle in the bushes.

Flamestar.

He saw Marshwillow clearly upset and his face turned what seemed sypmathetic.

"Look, we got some people to visit you," He quietly meowed.

Heronwing and Ripplefang!

"They are our newest members," Lakefrost announced.

"Glad to see they made it," Marshwillow meowed.

She stood up and touched noses with them both.

"I am not here for good," she announced and they glared.

"We know," Ripplefang started, "But its cool too see some alive cats," Heronwing continued his sentence, and Ripplefang nodded in agreement.

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(Real World.)

Frogwhisker sat in the medicine cat den, his tail flicking with

anxiety.

"Are you sure you'll...you'll...revive her?" he sniffed with grief, as his kits stood behind him, shocked faces.

"I...I...I'm...um sure!" Lynxfur smiled.

"I've never seen a medicine cat do *that* before," Frogwhisker glared at him.

"I know, but we can only hope, im giving her herbs for her breathing," Lynxfur continued.

Scorchpaw was emotionlessly staring into space.

Goldenpaw was complaining about Lilypaws tail and how their mother never saw them become warriors.

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Marshwillow gasped as she saw the medicine cat over her, helping her with breathing herbs and wound herbs.

"...I...I'm not ready to join the ranks of StarClan yet! Cherryfeather!!!!!" she yelled getting up immediately and Frogwhisker had a hesitant face.

"Shes gone." Frogwhisker hesitantly told her knowing that she would be upset.

"Shes what?" Marshwillows eyes widened.

"G-Gone," Frogwhisker continued, grief filled his voice.

"I cant believe she died!" Marshwillow dumbfoundedly said.

"No, she choose to run away from the clans, StarClan be with her, and know she is safe," Frogwhisker sighed.

"No! We are finding her, come on kits and Frogwhisker! We are going RIGHT this moment!" Marshwillow boomed her voice, another way to shock her clanmates.

Murmurs rose up as cats wailed, "Archstar!"

Marshwillow tilted her head in confusion.

"Huh?" she meowed.

"Your alive?" Archstar gasped, "How?"

"I-I-I-U-Umm dunno?" Marshwillow stuttered.

"I exiled Tigerstorm...and...Cherryfeather ran away from me," Archstar stuttered.

"You...what?" Marshwillow growled.

"Don't be like her, or your out too," Archstar hissed.

"What happened to the old, nice Archstar?" Marshwillow threatened.

"What...how dare you speak back to your leader! You'll be on apprentice duties for a moon now, and no leaving camp!" Archstar hissed.

"Not fair! I was going to find Cherryfeather!" Marshwillow complained against it.

"Too bad! She frightened our clanmates! Even though she said she would change!" Archstar said and dug his claws into the ground.

"Your a fox-heart," Marshwillow murmured then stomped away, furious!

Frogwhisker sighed and frowned sadly.

"I-I-I'm sorry," Frogwhisker apologized.

"Its not your fault...Its mine, I shouldn't of confronted her, I know how she acts." Marshwillow sniffed.

"No, its Archstars, he exiled Tigerstorm and confronted Cherryfeather after you...uhh fainted?" Frogwhisker explained.

"Cherryfeather was loyal, she done what was right, but I didn't...I shouted at her," Marshwillow cried.

Marshwillow looked up,

"F-Frogwhisker, can I tell you something?" Marshwillow asked.

"About what?" Frogwhisker asked.

"About why I died, and how I came back, I had the weirdest vision," Marshwillow explained.

"Go ahead tell me, maybe after we can sneak out and find her, but we'll need travelling herbs and to go out for a few days," Frogwhisker meowed, warning her about the troubles.

"We'll go alone, I'll tell our kits to keep this secret, and how we will most certainly be back, to reassure them," Marshwillow meowed.

"Alright...explain, lets go somewhere private," Frogwhisker meowed, and they stumbled off behind a tree on the borders.

Chapter Twenty-Six

"Cherryfeather," mewed a blue-grey she-cat. Cherryfeather whipped around and rounded on the cat that had spoken to her, she realised she must be dreaming, for she seemed to be in the sky.
"Yes?" mewed Cherryfeather, slightly nervous. "Who are you?"
"I am Blueshade, your grandmother, Windleap's mother," mewed the blue-grey cat. "Your sister is alive, Cherryfeather, we needed her for the prophecy." All of a sudden, Cherryfeather found herself angry.
"Is that it! You just wanted her back because of the stupid *prophecy!?"* she hissed. Blueshade looked faintly surprised and flattened her ears.
"Listen, you must return to your Clan, you must prepare for the attack that has been a curse on me since I was born," she said urgently. "Think of your kits, your family, your Clan, they need you, Cherryfeather," and with that she vanished, and Cherryfeather felt a strange feeling of depression, she had lost her family, her Clan, everything that she had cared about. They had abandoned her. It hadn't been Marshwillow's fault, maybe it wasn't even *her* fault, what if it had been *StarClan's* fault? What if it had been her destiny. She hadn't shaped her destiny, but neither had StarClan...

She felt herself being shaken by some cat. She woke up, this time, she was in the den that Tigerstorm and herself had made. She half-opened her eyes. There was Archstar and Lynxfur. She felt weak, extremely weak, she felt pain too, it hurt more and more every breath she took. Something clouded her vision, she was seeing Marshwillow, happily trotting around as if nothing was wrong. *She doesn't miss me..* She felt a strange sense of sadness come over her, but at the same time happiness that her sister was alive. Then her vision clouded again, this time she saw herself and Tigerstorm sleeping in the den, then she saw three cats walking into the den, she recognised them, but was too weak to think about who they could have been. She watched with horror as they ripped her apart, they were halfway through killing her, when two cats burst in, they had been Archstar and Lynxfur. The cats, caught red-handed, ran

for it, but they dragged Tigerstorm with them, and Archstar and Lynxfur attempted to wake her up, muttering to themselves. *Tigerstorm.. had been taken..? Had StarClan sent her that vision? Why hadn't she woken up when they had been attacking her?* Her vision clouded again, but this time, it clouded into darkness.

She woke up, in the medicine cats den, every part of her was in pain, and she felt as though she were dying.
"Mother?" squeaked a voice, full of worry, she recognised as Maplekit.
"H-Hello-" Cherryfeather was about to say more, but she felt blood bubbling in her throat and it hurt, so she stopped.
"Are y-you okay?" asked Leafkit.
"Please be okay," squeaked Spiritkit nervously. Cherryfeather heard two cats crying next to her. She recognised them as Marshwillow and Squirrelkit.
"Cherryfeather?" she heard Lynxfur's mew.
"Mm?" she replied.
"Oh! You're awake," she sounded strangely relieved.
"M-Marsh-" she broke off again, angrily shaking her head.
"Ch-Cherryfeather?! Are you alright? I'm really sorry!" Marshwillow sat up and came into view, looking extremely guilty.
"I'm- I'm really sorry, it's not your - fault," Cherryfeather kept braking off, the pain in her throat getting worse. She then saw Ashkit running into the medicine den, looking worried.
"Hi Ashkit!" she managed a purr.
"Hi! But it's Ashpaw now," she smiled.
"Oh sorry! I missed your ceremony-" Cherryfeather began, but was cut off by coughing up blood. Ashpaw's mouth widened in surprise.
"Oh no! I've forgotten to give you the wrap I made up!" yowled Lynxfur, rushing away into the storage room again. Cherryfeather half closed her eyes, feeling extremely sleepy.
"No!" Lynxfur's mew jerked her out of her daydream. "You have to stay awake! You have to eat and drink! It's been three days since you were conscious!"
"But I'm tired," Cherryfeather complained.
"I know, but we all thought you were going to die," mewed Lynxfur, her voice now calm. "Come on, just have some medicine and a bite of fresh-kill."
Cherryfeather nodded slowly and busied herself with taking the

medicine and trying not to spit it back out. Afterwards, Cherryfeather felt much better. Marshwillow got her a rabbit from the prey heap, and she took a sip of water before settling down in her nest, thinking about all that had happened. Then it came to her. The cats that had hurt her and taken Tigerstorm had been Dusk's followers. They had tried to murder her.. for revenge.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Marshwillow hovered and glanced at Cherryfeather, who was now sleeping but yet weak and recovering.

Marshwillow sighed quietly, she knew Cherryfeather didn't mean to "kill" her.

"I forgive you," Marshwillow whispered to Cherryfeather full of forgiveness.

Cherryfeather had flicked her ear in response. Frogwhisker then padded up to Marshwillow from behind and scared her.

"Agh!" Marshwillow accidentally burst out. Frogwhisker glanced at her confusingly.

"You okay?" Frogwhisker brushed against her with a gentle tone.

"I'm good," Marshwillow paused, "Just you scared me, that's all," she added on, and Frogwhisker blinked.

"Oh! Sorry," he meowed then pointed his tail tip to Cherryfeather.

"How is she?" Frogwhisker asked, with a curious tone in his voice, but quietly, it was obvious he didn't want to wake Cherryfeather either.

"I don't know," Marshwillow admitted, "But why are you so worried about it?" Marshwillow asked, then tilting her head slightly.

"I mean, she's technically my in-law kin, and plus, why wouldn't I worry for your kin, Marshwillow?" Frogwhisker told her, gently and calmly.

"I suppose, but you never interact with your own kin, think about it, Rosecloud and Sagecloud are your brother and sister," Marshwillow asked.

"You see, Rosecloud seems to always be out of camp, I don't know what it is, but she is just always, and Sageclouds always following Brightflower around, he told me they were mates now, officially," Frogwhisker admitted.

"I have the best idea..." Marshwillow paused, slyly but felt like bursting it out.

"What?" Frogwhisker crouched playfully waiting for a response.

"We can go spy on Rosecloud, together, by following her scent, and if she picks up on ours...then we can say we wanted to go for a walk," Marshwillow meowed, excitingly.

"Yes!" Frogwhisker meowed, but then paused. "Wait what?" He then stiffened.

"C'mon, don't worry about it, I will stay with Cherryfeather later when she's awake, right now she deserves a well good rest," Marshwillow meowed, then dragging Frogwhisker at her side.

Together, they followed and worked out where Rosecloud went, she had went towards the borders.

"Strange, I smell...ThunderClan," Marshwillow growled, spitting out the words.

"Hmm," Frogwhisker paused and flicked his ear.

"This way," he had led Marshwillow in long grass then it shortened as they hopped behind a bush, Rosecloud was standing there, alone.

"It looks like she's waiting for someone," Marshwillow had to admit.

"Who else would want to come around here? It stinks of ThunderClan," Frogwhisker hissed.

Rosecloud then started purring as a lithe, big gray tabby tom-cat with blue eyes approached her.

"Ive been waiting for you for so long, Graybird," Rosecloud meowed.

"I'm sorry, got put on patrol, I escaped early, just for you," The tom, Graybird meowed.

"Shes breaking the warrior code!" Marshwillow spat out some leaves as she mumbled that to Frogwhisker.

"I know, let's see this escalate," Frogwhisker told Marshwillow.

"Graybird, I need to tell you something huge!" Rosecloud looked excited as she said it to him in a playful tone.

"I'm having your kits!" She exclaimed, happily.

Frogwhisker gasped, "My sister, is having kits with a ThunderClan tom?" Frogwhisker furiously bristled, shocked.

"Shh, Calm down," Marshwillow soothed him.

"Thats so great! Rosecloud, have you told Frogwhisker and Sagecloud?" Graybird asked.

"What? Why? They would ask, especially Sagecloud," Rosecloud meowed.

"Im just saying," Graybird repeated, then whispered something in his ear.

Marshwillow just managed to catch it.

"I feel like we're being watched, don't do much," Graybird meowed.

"Okay," Rosecloud whispered back.

"I've told Petalwing and Voletooth, my parents, they don't mind, nor did they ask who the father was, which is good, I bet people would suspect the father is Reedfern, he's one of my closest friends," Rosecloud shrugged.

"Ah," Graybird paused.

"Reedfern said he'd act as their father," Rosecloud continued.

"Hey Rosecloud, I need to ask you," Graybird sighed.

"Do you ever feel disloyal doing this? Do you ever feel, wrong about this?" Graybird sighed.

"I do, but I love you Graybird, I just can't seem to let you go, I feel so bad and wrong lying to my clan..." Rosecloud gently said.

"I feel the same way," Graybird meowed, with a sad tone.

"Smokepelts my best friend, and he seemed to meet and love someone, but the she-cat had kits and has a mate now, I don't want that happening to us..." Graybird meowed.

Marshwillow then was struck with realization, the she-cat that had kits recently must be Cherryfeather!

She was calm, but she knew it was Cherryfeather, back when they were apprentices, she immediately regretted shouted at Frogwhisker, and Marshwillow knew for a reason...

ThunderClan surround the WindClan border...and at gatherings Smokepelt would talk and glare at Cherryfeather in a loving way.

Marshwillow felt stupid for not realizing, but she all of a sudden felt bad...

She didn't know why.

Chapter 28

Cherryfeather woke up in the medicine cat den, feeling much better than the day before. She yawned and sat up, waiting for Lynxfur to come in from the storage. She seemed to be constantly in the storage, Cherryfeather assumed it was because she was getting prepared for leaf-bare. Cherryfeather had just started to wash herself, when Lynxfur trotted out of the storage and into the main room, and, to Cherryfeather's surprise, Archstar was with her.
"Good morning," Lynxfur mewed briskly to Cherryfeather, shoving her a small bundle of leaves. "Chew those up and rub it into the wound in your ear, it'll help. I'm quite busy so I won't be able to do it."
Cherryfeather nodded and busied herself with chewing up the herbs, but listening closely to Lynxfur and Archstar's whispered talk curiously at the same time. Both cats trotted back into the storage, but if Cherryfeather listened hard, she could hear them talking.
"She - She promised to change, Archstar," Lynxfur was muttering under her breath (as she sorted out leaf bundles.)
"I-I know and I'm all for giving her another chance, there's no doubt about that," mewed Archstar, pacing the room. "But she will insist on going after Tigerstorm, and if I put my paw down and say no, she's going to go after him herself."
"Archstar," Lynxfur had stopped organising her herb wraps and was now speaking in a very gentle voice. "You know what it's like to loose a mate, it's devastating, it changes you. And not always for the better." There was a cold silence, in which she could hear muffled sobs. The herbs Lynxfur had given her lay forgotten on the floor.
"Th-Thank you, Lynxfur," she could hear Archstar murmur quietly. "I've been a cruel, horrible leader these past moons, and you're right, it was because I lost my mate, and I suppose for Cherryfeather, she was angry and upset because Dusk was threatening to destroy her family too."
"Yes, Archstar," mewed Lynxfur gently. "Cherryfeather may seem like a cold-blooded, heartless killer, but she's not, Archstar, not at all, she's friendly, she's kind, and she's extremely loyal, more loyal

I've ever known a cat to be."
"Yes, she was loyal from the beginning, she killed Flamestar, she saw right through him, he was evil, I doubt you know, he kept it to himself, not even StarClan knew. But he trusted me, as his loyal deputy, he told me he planned to kill anyone who stood in his way of becoming the leader of all four Clans. Luckily, he never got far in his plans.." whispered Archstar.
"Yes, I knew, I lied about Cherryfeather killing him and said it was ThunderClan scent on the body. Back then I was a foolish apprentice, went about making trouble, hoping to get Marshwillow and Cherryfeather in trouble, but I knew it was important that Cherryfeather didn't get kicked out of the Clan, StarClan had already shared with me the prophecy. I've not been too kind to them recently either, but I hope they forgive me, they have much more important destines anyway." mewed Lynxfur hoarsely, it almost seemed like she had been crying.
"Please, don't cry, Lynxfur, it's not your fault at all, we all know that Marshwillow and Cherryfeather were always getting into mischief as apprentices." he mewed, slightly more joyful. "That's what it's about, being an apprentice. Anyways, come on, we must tell them and explain everything."
As they came back through to the main room, Cherryfeather quickly grabbed the herbs and started putting them on her wound hurriedly.
"Cherryfeather.. it wasn't your fault about Marshwillow 'dying', it wasn't your fault at all, Tigerstorm was the one that actually killed her for a start, and second, you were just a bit angry that Marshwillow didn't appreciate you. Cause Marshwillow *was* just rattling on about your wounds and saying you shouldn't have done that, even though you had practically saved the Clan from Dusk. You got angry and Tigerstorm did too, fighting her, I'm sure he didn't mean to 'kill' her." Lynxfur blurted out, red in the face. "I also feel bad for Marshwillow, look at it at her point of view, she said a little thing, that she barely meant to say, thought it meant no harm, just fussing about her sisters wounds. But it came off differently, and that's how it happened. We don't blame either of you for what happened and except it was a mistake, a misunderstanding." At this, Marshwillow stepped inside the crowded den.

"I heard," she mewed quietly, and she looked at Cherryfeather.

Cherryfeather looked back, anxious.
"I'm so sorry," she mewed finally, rushing over to her.
"I'm sorry too," purred Cherryfeather, glad to see her sister okay.
"No, *I'm* sorry," Marshwillow had started to sob. "When you put it like the way Lynxfur says, it was *me* that made all this happen, you thought I wasn't appreciating you and - and-"
"No, you don't need to apologise, Marsh, I was the one that completely over-reacted to the tiniest thing you said," mewed Cherryfeather, started to sob too. "I mean you were *worried* about my wounds, that was it, I'm so sorry."
"So you made up, huh?" smiled Lynxfur.
Marshwillow scowled angrily at her.
"It's okay, Marsh," Cherryfeather said quickly, "She apologised when she was in the storage room, talking to Archstar."
"You *heard* us?" mewed Lynxfur in surprise.
"Uh.. well I did," mewed Cherryfeather.
"Yeah, I was on dawn patrol," smiled Marshwillow.
"So.. you know about Flamestar?" asked Lynxfur, slightly shakily.
"Uh.. no?" muttered Marshwillow, looking at Cherryfeather.
"Uh.. yeah, I heard," Cherryfeather looked at her paws.
"Yes, I made sure you were up before I talked to Lynxfur, you needed to know the truth." smiled Archstar.
"Y-You *knew*?" asked Lynxfur in disbelief, "You *knew* Cherryfeather was listening?"
"She deserved to know the truth. And now I shall explain to young Marshwillow." Archstar cleared his throat and everyone listened intently. "You see, Flamestar.. was.. evil. Evil as cats go, he tricked everyone into thinking he was loyal, that he was good. But however, he killed cats you see, simply for they wouldn't do what he said, kitty pets, rogues, he even killed clanmates. He wanted to control all four Clans, wanted to have them to himself. He made me his deputy, I was his brother, and he trusted me with his secrets. He told me he was going to kill any cat who got in his way, and he would control all the Clans, be the leader of the mighty 'FlameClan' and I would be his loyal deputy. He arranged that when he came into power of all the Clans, he would treat WindClan better than all the rest, and ThunderClan as the lowest and that only WindClan cats could be appointed for leadership once he had died. When Marshwillow and Cherryfeather came, he was scared, he was aware of the prophecy and was afraid they might be stronger than himself.

He was especially afraid of you, Cherryfeather, for you bet him at fighting. In fact, he was planning on killing both of you, so you would be out of the way. I feel bad now, I should of told someone - anyone what he had been planning, but I was too afraid."
"Flamestar.. wanted to kill us?" asked Marshwillow, taking it all in.
"Indeed," mewed Archstar coldly. "If I could go back now... in fact, that was another thing I wanted to say. I wanted to apologise, you were right, Marshwillow, the day you said I was a fox-heart, and I'm sorry to both of you, I promise to be a better leader from now on."
"Apology accepted," smiled Cherryfeather, "I promise to be a better person from now on too." But Marshwillow was staring at the ground seemingly thinking.
"Wait a second, you said Flamestar.. wanted to kill us.. and he was evil, right?" muttered Marshwillow under her breath.
"Yes, that is true, I know it's a lot to take in.. but-" began Archstar, but Marshwillow cut him off.
"- But he was in StarClan, you know, they gave me a second life, I had to stay there for a bit, and he was there, and he was nice," she mewed.
"Oh no.." mewed Archstar, his eyes widening. "He's trying to come back, he's trying to get reincarnated so he can come back.."

Chapter 29

Marshwillow eyes widened, "You mean, he wants to try do this all over again? He wants to be reincarnated, be a kit, then apprentice, then a warrior, then a leader? And try to kill us?" Marshwillow meowed.

Archstar nodded, and even Cherryfeather looked annoyed and shocked, Marshwillow couldn't tell between if she was angry, or shocked.

"When I was in StarClan, they told me I'd be back into my body, I cried knowing all my clanmates would see me as dead, but Lynxfur...she...she...helped me," Marshwillow meowed.

"When I was in StarClan," She looked directly at Lynxfur, "Mintleaf, Archstar, Lakefrost, and Skyshine were discussing," Marshwillow paused.

Archstar stared intensely, "Go on," Lynxfur and Cherryfeather looked like they wanted to know too.

"Flamestar...he...he...didn't want me to come back, he said since I was Cherryfeathers sister I shouldn't," Marshwillow sighed.

"Then, he said he didn't trust any of WindClan," Marshwillow continued.

"And, that really got to me that Flamestar is planning...at least something," Marshwillow finished.

Lynxfur and Cherryfeather glanced at eachother, the stars rose high up and the moon joined them, and showed itself off, gracefully and peacefully in the sky.

Some owls hooted nearby and the silence was wonderful to Marshwillow, but she knew that she had to say something.

As she did, Lynxfur gasped, and Marshwillow immediately turned to

her.

"I swear, I just...had a vision," Lynxfur huffed, and Marshwillow, Cherryfeather and Archstar stared at her if she had just been killed.

"Lynxfur, were you attacked during that vision? Your bleeding..." Marshwillow paused.

"The vision, Flamestar charged towards me and flung me up, then he was stopped by Mintleaf, then Heronwing bounced in between them as they fought..." Lynxfur paused.

"Heronwing...she took the angry and furious blow..." Lynxfur shed a tear.

Marshwillow gasped, "Where is this going...?" She murmured.

"Heronwing, she started to fade as Flamestar triumphantly scared away Mintleaf, and then...then...it was over." Lynxfur finished, anxiously.

"Your saying...Flamestar...made Heronwing fade?" Archstar eyes widened.

"I think so," Marshwillow could smell Lynxfurs fear scent, but Marshwillow herself was even trembling.

Frogwhisker trotted over, "What's going on?" He asked, sighing.

Marshwillow knew Frogwhisker was annoyed at Rosecloud, his own sister for meeting Graybird over the ThunderClan border.

"Nothing," Archstar sighed.

"Anyways, its moonhigh, and I've left the deputy unnamed for too long. I'm going to name it now." Archstar trotted onto a huge rock and called for a clan-meeting.

Every cat sat in rows and rows, every cat was bubbling with excitement.

Minnowpaw and Scorchpaw were talking, wit her Goldenpaw

jealously looking over at them.

"As you know, we have no deputy, but I will name it here and now." Archstar smiled at his clan peacefully.

He looked directly at Sagecloud and he trembled a bit.

"Sagecloud, will be the new deputy of WindClan," Archstar smiled.

"He has proved his loyalty and threw away his snappy apprentice side, he has learned well and is loyal, Sagecloud, Thank you for serving WindClan." He smiled.

Sagecloud smiled and cats cheered as he stood up.

"I will be happy to serve this clan as deputy till the day I join the ranks of Starclan," Sagecloud nodded, approvingly.

Frogwhisker immediately butted through the crowd and as the meeting disbanded, he was talking, Marshwillow was curious to see what they were saying.

"Im so happy you're deputy! Congratulations!" Frogwhisker cheered.

Sagecloud purred in delight, but that's all Marshwillow heard, to only be stopped by Cherryfeather with a smirk.

"So? What are you doing spying on your mate?" Cherryfeather smirked.

"Hey! I am not!" Marshwillow snapped, flush red embarrassed.

"Look, come with me, we must find out more. About Flamestars past, we could ask the elder, Voletooth, and...hmm...we could just hang out or something after unless you have another good idea," Cherryfeather meowed.

"Okay," Marshwillow meowed, dazing off. Then realizing this would be a perfectly good time to tell Cherryfeather about Rosecloud and Graybird.

"Actually, I saw something yesterday...It was interesting, I'll tell you

about it later! Let's go!" Marshwillow meowed.

Chapter 30

"Hm, actually, I have to go," mewed Cherryfeather quickly.
"Really? Why?" asked Marshwillow suspiciously.
"Have to go to Archstar," she mumbled.
"Oh okay, I'll go to Voletooth by myself then, we can talk later," she mewed brightly. Cherryfeather ran over to the leaders den and pushed inside.
"Oh hello, Cherryfeather," smiled Archstar.
"Uh hi, I just wanted to say that it's a full moon and WindClan haven't really been going to gatherings anymore," she mewed.
"Ah yes, It's because I'm afraid If WindClan go and leave the Clan unguarded the Traitorous group will attack. But you're right, I've been debating whether to go every time there is a full moon, eventually I just end up not saying anything about it. It's time WindClan went back to gatherings, I shall make an announcement."
Cherryfeather dipped her head and left the den quietly, thinking absentmindedly about Smokepelt and Tigerstorm. Archstar followed her out and called for a Clan meeting. Cherryfeather saw Marshwillow pad back out of the elders den, making her way towards her.
"Everyone, I have decided we will be going to tonight's gathering, and also, tomorrow we will send a rescue party to try and find Tigerstorm, I'm surprised I haven't did so already." he mewed loudly as the cats settled down. "The cats that will be going to gathering are- Sagecloud, Lynxfur, Gorsecloud, Swiftpetal, Feathermist, Frogwhisker, Reedfern, Marshwillow, and Cherryfeather. I have decided I will not be taking any apprentices, for this gathering is going to be a bit.. different."
Everyone seemed to glance anxiously at one another at this, and the cats that had been told to go were lining up, as it was time to leave. Cherryfeather fell to the back of the group as they set off through the moors and hills, following behind Marshwillow and Frogwhisker.
"So, are you excited for the gathering?" asked Frogwhisker happily.
"Yeah! Of course I am, it's going to be a bit... different this time though, I mean, WindClan haven't been to a gathering in ages!"

smiled Marshwillow.
"Hey!" purred Feathermist, coming over to stand beside Marshwillow.
"Oh hi, Feathermist," smiled Frogwhisker.
"Hi!" Marshwillow mewed.
"Ah, it's getting a bit chilly, I'll see you up ahead," shivered Feathermist, rushing away.
"So.. now that no one's around," whispered Frogwhisker. "Uh.. do you think Rosecloud will be meeting Greybird at the gathering?"
"Or Cherryfeather meeting Smokepelt." mumbled Marshwillow in an undertone.
"Ah, yeah, I guessed that," mewed Frogwhisker, even more quiet. "I mean.. I'm not trying to be rude but, she does seem a bit suspicious, and I mean, I would have guessed her anyway, with her personality and stu-"
"Oh, hello," mewed Cherryfeather, smiling icily to Frogwhisker.
Frogwhisker stared open-mouthed at Cherryfeather, who was looking icily back. Before Marshwillow could do anything, Frogwhisker had leapt up angrily, staring Cherryfeather in the eyes furiously.
"Why are you spying on us?!" he yelled. "I'm not a stupid apprentice now, you can't boss me about anymore! Can't you stop trying to catch me doing something so you have an excuse to fling me down and start accusing me, I've been nothing but nice to you!" flinging Cherryfeather to the ground angrily.
"How.. dare.. you," hissed Cherryfeather, flinging him off of her with such a force, that he was sprawled across the floor.
Cherryfeather flung herself back up and strode over to him furiously, but then stopped, quivering.
"Listen, Frogwhisker, we're kin, and I'm sorry about before, but I've apologised, and if you can't forgive me then what's the point?! Can't you just stop talking about me behind my back and move on already!?" Cherryfeather mewed sadly, she turned her head and ran off, to catch up with her clanmates, through thick tears.

Chapter 31

Marshwillow gazed stubbornly at Frogwhisker who scornfully looked back.

Suddenly, anger surged through Marshwillow, and she couldn't control it.

"You can't just do that!" Marshwillow fiercely meowed.

"I..." Frogwhisker started.

"Listen here," Marshwillow paused, but without a challenging tone, "Who put fleas in your pelt?" Marshwillow then meowed.

"You, and Cherryfeather," Frogwhisker shot back.

Marshwillow gasped, "I am not talking to you till you have calmed down, I cant believe you! She is my sister! What's up with you?!" Marshwillow yelled continuously and then stomped off, running away from the gathering onto a bridge.

"Stupid this is!" Anger blazed through her eyes, life isn't fair!" Marshwillow yelled, when she heard a voice.

"Oh yes it is," the cat, let out a low growl, drawing its lips back into a snarl.

"I can't be bothered with you right now, go away! I honestly don't care!" Marshwillow roared.

The cat looked taken aback, "Oh you know who I am..." Suddenly, the she-cat peered through the bushes, and a tortiseshell pelt wiped through.

"Im Gorses helper, and I've sent cats...out," The she-cat smiled icily.

Suddenly, Marshwillows heart raced and she fled, still furious.

"She killed Lakefrost! She was the one!" Marshwillow murmured to herself, then plopped herself down, digging her claws into the earth and soil, continuously.

"My mate shouted at my sister, they fought, I argued with my mate, now I meet the cat who killed my friend! How could this get any worse?" Marshwillow hissed to herself, then standing up again to stroll into camp.

"I regret arguing with Frogwhisker, but im not apologizing!" Marshwillow hissed, as she saw Lilypaw and Minnowpaw at her feet.

"Mum, what did you do to dad?" Lilypaw asked, innocently.

"Uhhm, I umm, nothing!" Marshwillow meowed, then avoided them.

"Marshwillow, when will I train again? It's been a while," Minnowpaw meowed.

"I taught you how to fight the other day! At night, when everyone was asleep," Marshwillow explained.

"Oh yeah, but hunting, I wanna learn more." Minnowpaw confidently, and with challenging tone, meowed.

"Fine, I will do it soon, but now, there's a lot going on in my life, I'll get Feathermist to teach you, until then..." Marshwillow paused,

"Be the best apprentice you can, and don't let me down, It's all I ask, Minnowpaw, I'm sorry I couldn't of taught you more than I should," Marshwillows tail dropped and she stalked off, with anger and sadness.

"Mother? Why are you back?" Goldenpaw asked.

"Not right now, im so sorry my dear kit," Marshwillow gave Goldenpaw a lick between the ears, before he padded off, understandably, and noble.

Marshwillow sat thinking, thoughts and memories filled her head,

when she was in StarClan, was one of them.

When Jill mercilessly killed Lakefrost, Tigerstorms disappearance, Frogwhiskers bitter words, Cherryfeathers hard work trying to not get angry with Frogwhisker...

Marshwillow yowled in dismay, she covered her paws over her eyes, to have seen two badgers, strolling into camp.

"Badger attack!" Honeypelts kit wailed, helplessly returning to the nursery.

"Adderkit, don't be silly-" Honeypelts eyes widened and she covered her kits.

Marshwillow ran out, furiously.

Scorchpaw charged at one, just to be stopped by Minnowpaw.

"Scorchpaw, wait!" Minnowpaw wailed.

Marshwillow furiously raked her claws down ones muzzle, it was charging for Lynxfur, and Marshwillow then ducked underneath it and clawed its underbelly, but it clamped Marshwillow in the jaws and flung her down, leaving her stunned as it continued to charge.

"Don't wreck Lynxfurs nice herb piles." Ashpaw furiously met her gaze with the badger biting down on its paw, it let out a cry, then shook her off, it practically fell over, leaving Ashpaw to send it retreating.

Marshwillow looked proudly at Ashpaw, Brightflower must be a good teacher.

The second, badger headed towards the nursery, towards Cherryfeathers kits, who's didn't even realize that there was a badger attack, Spiritkit tumbled over Leafkit while Squirrelkit continued to play pounce happily with Maplekit.

"Somebody stop it!" Marshwillow cried, limping over and realising her scar on her leg opened for like the tenth time.

As Marshwillow limped, it splattered blood everywhere, and her leg felt numb.

Then the kits spotted it, Maplekit was furiously protecting the other kits, but Spiritkit, Leafkit, and Squirrelkit especially were shaking.

Suddenly with a blink of the eye, the other cats returned from the gathering and Cherryfeather gasped and slid under the badger swiftly slashing her claws in a pattern enough to make it fall over. Scorchpaw then joined slashing his claws across the badgers face, triumphantly, and it fled away.

Frogwhisker was glaring, his ambery-blue eyes, gazing into the stars, emotionlessly, they had the slightest tint of regret.

Suddenly he glared and Marshwillow, and grunted.

"Is it really over?" Marshwillow murmured, "But it can't be, after all we've been through..." Marshwillow felt her heart drop and shatter in regret.

To Marshwillow, it wasn't over just yet.

Chapter 32

Cherryfeather thought about the gathering briefly.. it had been oddly.. normal. Patchstar and the other leaders had just quickly given their reports about apprenticeships and such, nothing at all about why WindClan hadn't been at the gathering for ages, nothing about Dusk's group that were threatening to take over the forest. *Maybe it was just WindClan that had the traitorous group attack them.* She thought to herself, *But then again.. Patchstar was strange too, he wasn't accusing anyone of trespassing or spitting at the other Clans.. I wonder what's up.. .* The badgers were gone now, and Marshwillow and Frogwhisker were looking at each other in a strange way. Marshwillow was in tears, and Frogwhisker was looking angry. This made her think about Tigerstorm, she saw that tears were glistening in her own eyes. *I'm going to go off and find him!* She declared to herself. *But I'll talk to Archstar about it first, he might make a patrol come too or something..*

Cherryfeather ran up to him quickly, he was next to the fresh-kill pile, talking urgently with Sagecloud and Gorsecloud.
"Uh.. Archstar," mewed Cherryfeather gazing up at him, hoping he couldn't tell that she had been crying. "You know about Tigerstorm an.."
"Oh! Yes, yes! I shall call a Clan meeting immediately." he mewed quickly, abandoning his conversation with Gorsecloud and Sagecloud and jumping up onto the high ledge.
"All cats old enough to catch their own prey, gather round the high ledge for a Clan meeting!" he yowled. After a minute or two, the whole Clan were sitting, listening eagerly to what Archstar would have to say.
"Tigerstorm has been taken prisoner to Gorse, Dusk and his group." he mewed loudly. "I am going to send out a patrol, Cherryfeather, you may lead it since you were there when Tigerstorm got taken, and nearly got killed by them, so you will have a faint idea of where they are. Marshwillow, you may go, Fernheart, Lilyfall and Reedfern, you may go also."
"You can all go and get some travelling herbs before you leave,

Lynxfur will provide them." Archstar dipped his head to end the meeting.

Cherryfeather bounded over to the medicine den, where Lynxfur was waiting for them at the entrance with herb wraps for each of them. Reedfern ate his quickly and so did Fernheart and Lilyfall. But Marshwillow was nowhere to be seen.
"Hm.. I'll just go check the warriors den." she mewed to herself, running over to it and squeezing through the entrance to see Frogwhisker and Marshwillow arguing, they weren't fighting, but they didn't seem far from it and she was sure one of them mentioned her name. Neither of them seemed to notice her, so she pounced on Frogwhisker gently to stop hem arguing, got up and then told Marshwillow what Archstar had said at the Clan meeting. She simply nodded and ran out of the den, Cherryfeather following quickly behind. Marshwillow ate up her herb wrap and stretched, waiting. Cherryfeather quickly ate her own disgusting wrap, before heading out of camp, with Reedfern, Lilyfall, Fernheart and Marshwillow just behind her.

Cherryfeather took them to the place where both she and Tigerstorm had set up camp.
"Why did we come here? It's a such a waste of time," complained Lilyfall. "If I was lead of the patrol-"
"-We'd probably all be dead by now," finished Cherryfeather, sniffing around the broken pieces of wood and vines that had been her and Tigerstorm's den. Lilyfall scowled, but didn't say anything back.
"This way," grunted Cherryfeather, leading the way right over the hill. The cats stood in a line and saw, gaping, that there was a whole another forest this way.
"This is the place," mewed Marshwillow, sighing happily as the sun settled on the horizon, lighting up the sky with bright reds and oranges.

Chapter 33

Marshwillow kept staring, "Your saying that...this is where the Traitorous Group stay?"

"Yes, I picked up their scent far too much." Cherryfeather explained, then sneaking in.

"Crouch low," Cherryfeather hissed quietly.

"Why would I listen to someone as mouse-brained as you?" Lilyfall growled.

"Because if I was mouse-brained, we would all be dead, and clueless, I think if you were in charge, this would be you," Marshwillow could see that Cherryfeather was trying to hold her anger.

"Creep along these bushes," Cherryfeather continued, and this time, every cat did so.

Marshwillow did so, and thought of Lakefrost, he died near here on a patrol...

Marshwillow then thought of Frogwhisker and sighed, knowing that she can't argue with him forever, but she knew Frogwhisker, and he would eventually regret it.

Marshwillow glanced at the large, large group of cats, it was really big, and vast, cats talked everywhere.

Even cats nursed kits here, which made Marshwillow a bit annoyed, because they would be raised to be merciless and evil.

Tigerstorm was a faint figure, in the distance, he kept pacing back and forward, then Gorse, had spoken to him, and slid out his claws while doing so.

It was getting late now, so Cherryfeather had managed to uncrouch,

without being seen, most cats were asleep now.

Cherryfeather whispered to Tigerstorm, "Look, come over here, we are going now lets get you out of here!" Cherryfeather meowed.

A yawn erupted from the distance and every cat in the search patrol hid until a sleek silver tabby tom looked around.

"I smell cats, Cloud," the silver tabby tom meowed.

"Same, Ice, lets investigate," Cloud suggested to Ice.

"I can only smell Tigerstorm coming from there to here," Ice addressed.

"Is your senses betraying you? I swear I smelt cats," Cloud hissed.

"Not my problem, their cowards anyways, they wont show themselves," Ice *icily* smiled.

"I guess your right, I like the thinking, Ice," Cloud smiled back, before walking into a den, chatting away.

Tigerstorm halted next to Cherryfeather, "Please, lets just run," he pleaded before dashing off.

"Alright, run!!" Cherryfeather roared, their pawsteps thudded against the ground, swiftly and rapidly, as they ran. Marshwillow seemed the swiftest out of the bunch.

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"Mission success," Cherryfeather meowed to Archstar and he nodded.

"I am very sorry, Tigerstorm, it was a misunderstanding, now I will explain it to you, let's speak in my den." Archstar curtly meowed, before padding off with him.

Marshwillow sighed, before glancing at Frogwhisker bitterly again, and placed her bed not too far away from his, just enough so they weren't curled up.

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As the morning came, Marshwillow spoke to Minnowpaw, and took her out.

"Alright after this training lesson, you will be pretty trained up, allowing me to train with you not as much as Feathermist and me would of. If that makes sense, I know I didn't train with you a lot, and I'm sorry again." Marshwillow sighed.

As they hunted, and showed the basics, Minnowpaw was very good.

"2 rabbits, bird and a shrew," Marshwillow went over. "You done really well! We'll give some prey to the queens and kits and elders, before dropping whatever we have left into the prey pile. Understand?" Marshwillow meowed, and Minnowpaw nodded, briefly, before stumbling off into camp, with her head high, and proud.

Scorchpaw was the first to approach, "Your better at hunting than me!" He exclaimed, happily.

Goldenpaw snorted quietly before barging between the two.

"Minnowpaw, you were so amazing, I can't believe my kin taught you so well, wanna share some of it?" Goldenpaw interrupted Scorchpaw, talking over his quiet voice, purposely.

"Sure," Minnowpaw smiled before dashing off with the prey to the queens and elders, and shared the bird that she caught.

Scorchpaw sighed, clearly annoyed but yet sad.

Marshwillow padded up to him, soothing him.

"What's up?" She asked, sympathetically.

He turned away his head and tail drooping.

"No, please, Scorchpaw, your my kin, and you will always be, I want to know, I'm your mother, you can tell me anything..." Marshwillow gazed at his blue eyes.

"Fine," he murmured, "Well you see I really like Minnowpaw, but...so does...Goldenpaw," Scorchpaw explained.

Marshwillow was hit, she was whirled back in her memories, when she was an apprentice, and she loved Lakepaw, but so did Cherrypaw.

"Scorchpaw..." Marshwillow began, "Thats terrible, but if I tell you a story, you will relate." Marshwillow meowed.

"Go ahead," Scorchpaw murmured, with a sad tone.

"When I was an apprentice, way back before you were born, and even your father..." Marshwillow started, Scorchpaw interrupted, "Wait, Dad wasn't born when you were an apprentice?" Scorchpaw awkwardly said.

"Umm, yeah, but he was born shortly after this, so.." Marshwillow replied, flush red.

"Okay, so I loved someone before your father, but I love your father more than them now, don't worry." Marshwillow replied, still going on awkwardly.

"You know Honeypelts mate? Lakefrost, when I was an apprentice, I loved him, so did your aunt, to me she's my sister though," Marshwillow continued.

"He was Lakepaw back then, and I remember the day, but let's just say, that I got over him liking Cherrypaw more, and I found someone else, Frogwhisker." Marshwillow blushed a bit, even though they argued, this was a bit weird to her.

"Trust me, you will find someone else, if you don't get her," Marshwillow replied, "Her heart may belong to you, or Goldenpaw, you just have to get over it. Shes currently dealing with Driftpaws death, so yeah," Marshwillow finished, finally.

"It's different! Don't you see? She likes me and Goldenpaw the same, but it's like a competition, that never ends! I just can't, I can't, I think Goldenpaw would be better mates with Minnowpaw, but I just can't seem to let her go! Why is life so hard?" Scorchpaw cried

and ran off.

Marshwillow sighed, this would take a while to lift his spirits back up.

Marshwillow felt pain burn in her heart, she missed Frogwhisker...a lot.

"He was the one who started the argument, he should apologize," she then grunted before padding back into camp properly, and sadly.

Chapter 34

"I'm so happy you're okay!" purred Cherryfeather, rubbing against him affectionately.
"I'm happy you're alright too," smiled Tigerstorm, "I thought you were dead."
"Thanks.. say, do you think it would be wrong of us to go and attack *them*?" asked Cherryfeather, a grin spreading across her face.
"Haha! You're the same old Cherryfeather!" mewed Tigerstorm, but he was smiling icily. "Yes, I think we should. Do you think it would be wrong of us to go and maybe.. accidently-on-purpose *kill* some of them."
"..I don't see why not," purred Cherryfeather.
"Well what are we waiting for?" smiled Tigerstorm. "Lets go!"
"Wait one second," mewed Cherryfeather, trotting into the nursery. "Hey, Honeypelt! Would you mind looking after Squirrelkit, Leafkit, Spiritkit and Maplekit for me?"
"Sure!" smiled Honeypelt, licking Spiritkit on the head, who indignantly fluffed up her pelt.
"Thanks Honeypelt, you're amazing," smiled Cherryfeather, running back out of the nursery and out of camp with Tigerstorm.
"Okay! Lets go!" she yowled, racing away with Tigerstorm beside her.

*****

Cherryfeather and Tigerstorm spent the day together, hunting and teasing each other. They forgot about going over to the traitorous group.

Cherryfeather yawned and padded on sleepily towards the ThunderClan border with Tigerstorm at her side. Suddenly a ThunderClan patrol bounced out, hissing and baring their teeth.
"How dare you trespass on WindClan territory!" hissed Tigerstorm, puffing out his fur and flattening your ears.
"ThunderClan are hungry! We will feed our Clan in any way." growled one of the ThunderClan cats. Cherryfeather realised with a

sickening jolt that it was Smokepelt.

Updated Allegiances

WindClan

Leader- Archstar- Brown tabby tom.

Deputy- Sagecloud: Big dusky brown tom with sage coloured eyes.

Medicine Cat - Lynxfur: brown she-cat with amber eyes.

Warriors

Beechclaw- (Senior Warrior.) Dusky brown tom with creamy patches**.**

-Apprentice: Eaglepaw

Gorsecloud- Cream coloured tom.

-Apprentice: Scorchpaw

Petalwing - (Senior Warrior.) Cream she cat with patches of white.

-**Apprentice: Goldenpaw**

Brightflower- Ginger she-cat with a white underbelly and a couple of stripes around it and dark green eyes.

-Apprentice: Ashpaw.

Sagecloud- Big dusky brown tom with sage coloured eyes.

-(Temporary) Apprentice: Lilypaw.

Frogwhisker- Small black and white tom with green-blueish eyes.

Swiftpetal- black and white she-cat.

Feathermist: silver tabby with icy blue eyes.

Reedfern: blue-gray tom cat with amber eyes.

Lilyfall: white and reddish brown she-cat.

Wildstrike: tortiseshell and white tom cat.

-Apprentice: Coalpaw

Fernheart: big grey she-cat with darker flecks.

Marshwillow: Big creamy-brown she-cat with darker flecks and creamy coloured legs and a white tipped tail with bright amber eyes.

- Apprentice: Minnowpaw

Braveheart: blue-gray tom-cat with blue eyes, and darker stripes down his back.

Heatherfang: brown tabby she-cat.

Amberflower: creamy-golden tabby with amber eyes.

Fawnbrook: dusky brown she-cat with olive green eyes.

Windleap- pure white she-cat with amber eyes.

Cherryfeather- Small black she-cat with a few grey flecks and white paws, a white chin, white chest and a white tail tip, with bright, piercing blue eyes, and sharp claws.

Apprentices

Coalpaw: black tom-cat with green eyes.

Minnowpaw: blue-grey she-cat with black flecks and white paws, and white tail.

Eaglepaw: golden-dusky brown tom with amber eyes.

Goldenpaw: pure golden tabby tom with amber eyes.

Scorchpaw: gray tabby tom with blue piercing eyes.

Lilypaw: tortoiseshell she-cat with amber eyes.

Ashpaw: brown tabby she-cat with lighter paws and tail tip, one blue eye, one green.

Queens

Honeypelt- pale brown she-cat with paler legs and tail tip, and yellowish-amber eyes. (*Nursing Fennelkit; Willowkit and Adderkit.)*

Rosecloud: cream she-cat with flecks on legs and ears with green eyes *(Expecting Graybird's litter.)*

Elders

Voletooth- Brown tom.

Traitorous Group:

INFO: These cats are tended to be feared by kittypets, loners, and rogues, Dusk and Gorse run it, and they want to recruit tons more, at least by the end of this book, there will be more than 50, or so members in it. The reason they are traitorous is because, they kill cats that get in their way, or just tons of cats in general, ShadowClan cats have had a few incidents in the last book about these cats, but never admitted it. So approximately over 25 cats have died, in general (including ShadowClan, rogues etc.) So, if these cats are eyed, they match be quite hard to beat.

Leader: Gorse: big tabby tom with mint eyes, very strong, stronger than Dusk.

Assistant **(More or lessly A Deputy.):** Jill: tortiseshell she-cat with amber eyes.

Silver: silver tabby she-cat with blue eyes.

Horse: big brown tom with amber eyes.

Stripe: pale gray tom with amber eyes and sharp claws.

Rocky: dark gray tom with dark green eyes.

Rosie: cream she-cat with blue eyes.

Squirrel: brown tabby tom with amber eyes, and a scar running down a flank.

Fox: ginger she-cat with dark amber eyes.

Stephen: blue gray tom cat with green eyes.

Fang: black and brown tabby tom-cat and dark green eyes.

Wave: blue-gray tom cat with dark streaks and bright blue eyes.

Dandelion: cream she-cat with green eyes.

Cloud: white tom-cat with blue eyes.

Icy: silver tabby she-cat with blue eyes.

Chapter 35

It was a beautiful morning, the tall grasses were still filled with dew, the sun shone bright, clouds along it, but they werent covering the beautiful source of light. The sky was a nice blue and Marshwillow smiled, then stepping on someones tail as she walked out.

"Oh! I-" Marshwillow paused, it was *Frogwhisker*.

"Don't you have anything else to do apart from step on my tail and boss me around?!" He shouted, infuriated.

"Don't you have anything else to do apart from shout and moan at me?" Marshwillow shot back, she grunted as she quickly turned her head and flicked her tail before her legs broke into a run away, taking a glance over her shoulder, he sneered.

Marshwillow sighed and she felt a soft tear burn down her face slowly but it was there, she ran to a bush to hide that she was crying

"How did it get this way? How did it come to this..." She asked herself.

Marshwillow sighed before padding out of the bush. Sagecloud padded towards her.

"Alright, Marshwillow can you go on patrol with Frogwhisker and Braveheart?" Sagecloud asked.

Marshwillows eyes widened.

"I cant!" she accidentally burst out.

"What?" Sagecloud looked merely confused.

"Uhh, fine...I said...I can!" Marshwillow smiled like she didn't do anything before slipping off, grumpily.

"Braveheart we're meant to go on patrol, can you get Frogwhisker?" Marshwillow asked.

The blue-gray tom remained quiet, scanning Marshwillow like she was out of her mind.

"Isn't he *your* mate?" Braveheart lazily said.

"Uhh, yeah, but... actually, just go do it, its a long story." Marshwillow meowed.

Braveheart frowned, but at last sighed.

"It better be for a good reason," he nodded before taking off, Marshwillow waited at the entrance.

"Why does it have to be this way." Marshwillow grumbled.

Frogwhisker approached, avoiding eye contact with Marshwillow and tensely spoke to Braveheart.

Braveheart nodded looking fully understanding, and walked inbetween Marshwillow and Frogwhisker.

"Alright, lets split up, Frogwhisker and me will go this way, Marshwillow, for safety reasons, I have to ask you to go on your own, sorry." Braveheart mumbled.

Marshwillow smiled, looking understanding.

"I know what you mean, I guess I could have some alone time, thanks Braveheart." Marshwillow smiled again, before padding off, taking a quick glance over her shoulder, Frogwhisker had no expression, although deep inside, Marshwillow could see a tiny bit of jealousy growing in there.

Marshwillow smirked, and continued hunting, she stalked a vole carefully while padding through undergrowths. She then crouched properly and sprung foward, she missed it by a fox-length.

"Fox dung!" But then she pricked up her ears to hear faint murmuring, to see Cherryfeather and Tigerstorm shouting at 2 gray

tom-cats and a young tortiseshell she-cat.

Marshwillow felt her heart pierce, Cherryfeather and Tigerstorm were going to have time alone, she just knew it.

Her memories whipped back to when she was sleeping under the stars, and Frogwhisker nearby, and it made her feel, jealous, but yet...happy.

She went to go find her patrol really quickly to help them out, she felt bad for ruining the time, but she just had too help, the toms looked agressive, and they bared their long sharp fangs and sneered at them whenever they seemed to say something in a sharp tone.

"I wont let them get away with this!" Marshwillow growled, her long legs breaking into a slow run, then a faster run.

She warned Braveheart and Frogwhisker, not even caring they argued, Frogwhisker grunted, but hesitantly nodding to help and ran with Braveheart and Marshwillow to go stop that patrol.

Marshwillow sighed.

I hate to ruin the time, but that tom...the two gray ones seemed familiar.

Chapter 36

Cherryfeather's eyes widened with surprise and she gulped nervously as her eyes met Smokepelt's. Smokepelt gazed back at her, almost angry, but not quite.
"Ch-Cherryfeather," he mewed.
"S-Smokepelt?" exclaimed Cherryfeather, taking a step back.
"Is this your.. mate.." he growled softly, giving Tigerstorm a death glare. Cherryfeather gulped, as Tigerstorm and Smokepelt launched themselves at one another. The other grey tom was looking nervous, but started to attack Tigerstorm, and the tortoiseshell had launched herself into the battle at the same time as Smokepelt had.
"How dare you!" hissed Smokepelt, as he slashed at Tigerstorm. "She was going to be my mate!" At this, Tigerstorm fought much harder, and Cherryfeather joined in the battle, but she couldn't bring herself to hurt Smokepelt, therefore, she focused on the tortoiseshell and the nervous grey tom.
"I-I.. Smokepelt.. I'm sorry for what happened in the dark forest that night," she blurted out, but not loud enough for the others to hear.
"I forgive you, and I'm sorry too," Smokepelt purred, but continued to fight Tigerstorm.
Cherryfeather had the tortoiseshell and the grey tom down, with her paws are their necks, she decided to do this properly.
"Why are you on WindClan territory!?" she yowled, glaring at them.
"S-Smokepelt took us, didn't h-he, B-Brightsplash." stuttered the grey tom.
"Why did he take you two and not one of the other cats?" asked Cherryfeather, baring her teeth.
"I'm his brother, Greybird." mewed the grey tom.
"And I'm his.. soon-to-be-mate," mewed Brightsplash proudly. "I offered to help him."
"Well, leave now! You're not welcome in WindClan!" growled Cherryfeather, flinging them away. Suddenly, Marshwillow, Frogwhisker, and Braveheart appeared, running towards them. Braveheart and Frogwhisker flung themselves at Smokepelt, helping Tigerstorm, as they assumed Cherryfeather could manage the two other cats on her own. Marshwillow, however, started helping

Cherryfeather, by started a vicious fight between her and Brightsplash, Cherryfeather continued to nip Greybird and make him angry, but it wasn't vicious, it was just like two apprentices going a bit over-the-top with their training. Eventually, Smokepelt croakily called him patrol to him, he was bleeding badly and limping heavily too. Brightsplash hurried to his side and supported him, even though she was bleeding a great deal too, thanks to Marshwillow. Greybird was only scratched, even though he had lots of them, she he was the one that took on most of Smokepelt's weight.
"Are you two alright?" asked Braveheart, panting.
"Yes, of course," snapped Cherryfeather, who was unscratched.
"Wait a minute.. Tigerstorm.. are you alright?"
"Yes yes," he muttered, licking a minor wound on his shoulder. "Just a scratch."
"Cherryfeather.. tonight," she heard a voice whisper, and she knew immediately that it was Smokepelt.
"O-Okay," she stuttered, receiving strange looks from Marshwillow.

When the cats got back to camp, Frogwhisker and Braveheart went off to Archstar to tell them about the battle and Tigerstorm left to see Lynxfur about his shoulder. Marshwillow and Cherryfeather were left alone.
"What's been happening with you and Smokepelt?" asked Marshwillow, snapping slightly.
"What's been happening with you and Frogwhisker?" retorted Cherryfeather.
"Don't answer my question with a question! Do you hear me?" growled Marshwillow.
"You just said 'Do you hear me?', which, if you didn't know, is a question!" Cherryfeather rolled her eyes.
"Okay, okay, Frogwhisker and me have had an argument.. so I'm not speaking to him." mewed Marshwillow. "Now I've answered your question, will you answer mine?"
"What question? The question you just asked me or the question from before?" smiled Cherryfeather playfully.
"That was a question," laughed Marshwillow. "And I meant, what's been happening with you and Smokepelt?"

"I-I.. I can't tell you.." meowed Cherryfeather looking at the ground.

"Actually.. did you know that Rosecloud is pregnant with Greybird's kits?" mewed Marshwillow.
"Wait, what? No, I didn't know that." mewed Cherryfeather, quietly.
"Are you mates with Smokepelt?" asked Marshwillow gently.
"No I'm not! How could you think that! I just.. I just.." broke off with tears in her eyes. "I'm sorry Marshwillow.. I'll talk to Frogwhisker for you if you like.. just don't ever mention Smokepelt to me again.."

Chapter 37

"Wait...You will talk to him...for me?" Marshwillows eyes widened.

Cherryfeather nodded, "I will." She had wiped away most of her burning tears.

Marshwillow felt really bad, Mouse-brain, why did you ask her? You never knew what it was like to meet in The Dark Forest, you never know what its like to be torn in two over toms...

Marshwillow "Hey..." she started. "I'm sorry." She sighed, looking at the pale blue sky, that was turning slowly orange and peachy in colour.

"About what?" Cherryfeather looked like she was going away somewhere.

"About...Smokepelt...Im sorry I mentioned him, I will no longer interfere with your relationship with him...I swear. I feel so sorry..." Marshwillow meowed glaring at Cherryfeather with promising amber eyes.

Cherryfeathers gaze lowered, "Okay." She meowed, "I will talk to Frogwhisker...later...Im really tired." Cherryfeather said.

"I-I should..." Marshwillow was about to say hunt, suddenly thunder rumbled in the overcast skies, rain picked up slowly.

"I...Its thundery..." Marshwillow was startled, as she heard lightning crash down in the distance, which seemed like ThunderClans camp.

"S-Smokepelt...Greybird..." Marshwillows eyes widened. "A tree might fall!" Marshwillow gasped, as her vision blurred she saw RiverClans banks and rivers flooding slowly.

"Marshwillow...Marshwillow..." A voice erupted.

"RiverClan...the banks the rivers...they're flooding up!

ThunderClan...lightning...tree.." she slowed her words, and locked her gaze on Lynxfur.

"Marshwillow...this is terrible!" Lynxfur meowed, but sighed. "...And we can't do anything." She flinched.

Lynxfur sighed, and Marshwillow. "If Smokepelt or Greybird dies...Its..my fault." She sighed.

She looked around, curiously, the sky kept lighting up every so often, the thunder rumbled, at least ten seconds in between each rumble. Rain picked up its speed, and wind wavered in the presence of the air, trees bended down slightly, and she felt stuck in the middle of this.

"Falling tree! Really nearby!" Lynxfur wailed, in panic. Although everyone shot a confused glance at eachother, they started alerting Archstar.

"WindClan...evacuate!" Archstar yowled, at the top of his lungs, cats repeatedly checked out dens and Marshwillow sighed with relief when she saw Cherryfeather pad out, although she was sleepy, Windleap was helping her a bit, for the now just till she wakes up fully.

Marshwillow had to admit, it felt so strange, it felt like someone familiar was missing...

Suddenly trees wobbled as forces of wind hit them, enough to blow Marshwillow off her feet if the wind wanted too.

Lightning crashed down nearby, lighting bushes and the camp on fire, practically.

"Now...now we have tons of restoring to do." Eaglepaw muttered.

"Wait...Wait!" Marshwillow screamed with sudden realization, tears trickled down her cheeks, briskly. "F-Frogwhisker! He was sleeping!" Marshwillow screeched and every cat let out a wail of grief, and Lilypaw was crying, very hard.

"N...No...My...mate...He will be still alive...and I am going to get

him." Marshwillow told her clan.

Lynxfur gasped, "You cant!" She meowed, panicking obviously.

"N-No!" Cherryfeather snapped. "I have too, I may have argued with my mate, but that doesnt mean I dont care for his safety..." she meowed, charging back into the blazing crackle of flames. Tears burned down her eyes, and her paws shook with anxiety.

The camp was burnt, and a mixture of red, orange and yellow, burned strongly in shadows. Marshwillow wasnt trying to inhale too much.

Not even the rain can stop this mayhem!

Marshwillow looked through the buried rubble of the remainings of the warriors den.

No Frogwhisker.

Marshwillow gasped, "Its all over, Ive lost him!" Marshwillow cried, but a cough interrupted her.

"Frogwhisker!?" Marshwillow meowed, coughing uncontrollably.

Frogwhisker was lying his fur all burnt, when the dens fell on him, it must of put out the flame in his pelt.

All of a sudden, Marshwillow imagined Flamestar in the middle of this, if Cherryfeather hadn't of killed him, he was standing there, a menacing face, before dissolving.

Marshwillow put Frogwhisker side ways on her back, and charged back through the blazing flames of fire, the warmth filling her, but furiously, and tensely.

Frogwhisker was interruped by a bout of coughing, it seemed as if he was going to say something.

"Y...You...S...Saved...M...Me." It made out slowly, with no emotion at all.

Marshwillow sighed, "We need to get back...and fast." She muttered coughing shortly afterwards, charging towards the way WindClan went.

Chapter 38

Cherryfeather's heart was beating at a hundred miles an hour. She couldn't find Tigerstorm, the only place she hadn't looks... behind the warriors den! She ran at the speed of light, and then she saw him.. his body.
"No!" Cherryfeather flung herself down beside him, sobbing.
"Ch-Cherryfeather?" she heard him croak.
"You're alive? Tigerstorm! I-I'm sorry.. I love you." Cherryfeather closed her eyes, tears falling.
"I-I love you too," Tigerstorm mewed, snuggling up with Cherryfeather. She felt him cough weakly.
"No! Tigerstorm!" she yelled, feeling his breaths come more slow and weak. The smoke around them was thickening. *I will die here, but I will die with my one true love, and we shall live on, together, forever.* She thought contently, feeling her own breathing weaken, and the smoke filling in.
"Goodbye," she whispered weakly, feeling the smoke closing in, she smiled half-heartedly before falling back into eternal darkness...

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She awoke, shaking and coughing.
"Where am I.." she spluttered to herself, opening her eyes to a strange, straggly den, where vines, sticks, moss, brambles and other materials were sticking out in the walls, and the celing wasn't patched up properly. She looked in through one of the holes and saw that she was in a completely different place. She noticed that around half the Clan were rebuilding dens. She assumed the other half were out hunting or gathering materials. She panted, finding that she couldn't breathe properly, she angrily swallowed and tried again to breathe deeply, but again, she couldn't. She started panicking a little, making her more out of breath, now she couldn't breathe at all. She gasped for air, but she couldn't seem to get any. She desperately needed to breathe, the only reason she couldn't was because she was panicking about it, but as she struggled to breathe, she panicked more, making it more impossible for air to reach her

lungs. She didn't dare call anyone, afraid of loosing what little air she had left. *Why isn't Tigerstorm here?!* she panicked more. *And why am I here? And why can't I breathe!* Just then, she saw Frogwhisker come in, when he saw her, he dropped the herbs he had had in his mouth and ran right back out. She smiled to herself despite knowing she might suffocate. *Yeah.. but so what? I want to see Tigerstorm again.. what if I just enjoy the last moments of my life? Yeah, lets do that.* She jumped up and happily bounded out, not even realising that now, since she wasn't panicking anymore, that she could breathe more easy.
"Ch-Cherryfeather! I-I can't believe you're out! How?" spluttered Lynxfur, coming over to where she was standing.
"Hi, I decided I'm going to go and have some fun. I'm going to run across the moors, just like Marshwillow, Tigerstorm and I used to do as apprentices." she had tears in her eyes, but she was smiling.
"You-You can't!" Lynxfur looked extremely shocked.
"Whose stopping me?" she smirked despite the tears.
"Me," mewed a firm voice, she saw Archstar standing there blocking the entrance.
"Oh really?" she purred, still smirking. She walked over to him calmly, before concentrating expertly on him. She knew she would never fight him, she didn't want to fight anyone in her life again after how much pain it had caused her. Then, she sprang, she managed to do a twirl in mid air, while Archstar leapt up, trying to catch her. She smirked again, seeing she had succeeded. As soon as she was out, she ran as fast as she could, while Archstar chased from behind, trying to catch up, and he was succeeding, she felt very out of breath and she felt her lungs working extremely hard to keep air in them. *No, not now!* she thought angrily. *I don't want that to happen now!* She ran faster, feeling that she couldn't breathe anymore. *Oh well.* She narrowed her eyes, held her breath and kept running. She suddenly realised she was running towards the ThunderClan border, and there was a patrol on the wrong side. She growled and swerved towards them and started a fight. Not being able to breathe, instead of making her worse at fighting, it made her better, being extremely angry that she couldn't breathe. She was using moves she hadn't even used before. She wasn't really attacking them, just making it so they couldn't attack her. Eventually, they started fleeing. She smiled at Archstar before running off again. She knew she couldn't hold her breath much

longer, but she wouldn't even be able to breathe even if she tried. She continued running, Archstar running in the opposite direction, probably heading for camp. *Hmm, where will I go?* She wondered, deciding finally upon running out of Clan territory. *Why not?* But then she saw Marshwillow running towards her with tears in her eyes, that was when she stopped. *What's wrong? Are you okay?*
"Please Cherryfeather, don't do this," she mewed. Cherryfeather tried to speak, but she couldn't. That was when she started panicking.
"Can't- B-Breathe!" she spluttered. Marshwillow's eyes widened and she ran towards her, fear glistening in her eyes.
"Tell- Tigerstorm-" She couldn't finish her sentence.
"Tigerstorm's... he's dead, Cherryfeather."
That was when Cherryfeather fainted, out of the shock that Tigerstorm was dead, and also not being able to breathe. Everything went black...

Chapter 39

"C-C-Cherryfeather?" Marshwillow felt tears drizzle down her face, slowly, but visibly. Frogwhisker scared Marshwillow by padding up behind her.

"Go away." she meowed, trying to scan for small breaths on Cherryfeather, they were there, but shallow. "You shouldnt of gone out of the den, when Lynxfur told you not to...

Lynxfur padded in, "Get her back in the den, immediately!" She wailed, *She cant die, She cant die, she is in the prophecy!* Marshwillow thought hopelessly, panicking.

Frogwhiskers head was low outside the den, he looked alot better now, coughing every so often, Marshwillow was glad he was okay. Marshwillow was staring at him, and he muttered out a word.

"C-Can we talk?" He asked, looking furiously nervous, and shook slightly, Marshwillow returned a glare, for a heartbeat and sighed. "Sure." Marshwillow sighed, and Frogwhisker padded onto the hill where he confessed.

"U-Uhh...What do you want to say?" Marshwillow was looking visibly uncomfortable, and Frogwhisker shivered. He hesitated and finally spoke out...

"I just wanted to say im sorry arguing with you and Cherryfeather, I was losing my mind a bit, and now that I see what your going through...Tigerstorm, my friend, pretty much your sisters mate, has just died, and I almost did too, truthfully...but you saved my life...You...saved me..after all I had done to you..and Cherryfeather. I realize my actions now, and I just..." he stopped, a tear slowly raking down his face, his eyes filling up with bloodshot red.

Marshwillow glared at him, for a full minute, a tear still droolling down her own face. She stopped him quickly before finishing his sentence and nuzzled him, affectionately.

"You know what? I forgive you too. Although you were a fox-heart to Cherryfeather, I'm sure apologizing to her either won't hurt." Marshwillow meowed.

"I...I'll be honest...For a long time...I wanted to apologize to you...I couldnt build up confidence to do so, not even to Cherryfeather." he meowed sighing and his ears and tail were drooped, his head low.

"Lets go back to camp." Marshwillow meowed, trying to smile at him to reassure him from his seemingly sad mood. *He must of had to work up to try do that...because now...now I feel bad...and what will Cherryfeather react like when she wakes up?*

*** **1 moon later** ***

Marshwillow was hanging over Cherryfeather, Lynxfur giving her honey to soothe her throat and then shortly giving Juniper Berries to Cherryfeather also, Squirrelkit ran in, "Lynxfur! Lynxfur! Spiritkit was stung by a bee! She says it really hurts." he meowed, pointing to the dandelions sitting in a pile.

"Will you squeeze its juice onto her bee sting?" Squirrelkit meowed, sitting watching Lynxfur with great interest. "Yes," Lynxfur purred, "I will." she meowed. "I wanna become a medicine cat like you! Lynxfur!" Squirrelkit blurted out.

Lynxfur purred, "Really?" she meowed. "Your welcome to, I will speak to Archstar soon." Lynxfur meowed. Squirrelkit gave a little bounce and followed Lynxfur out to where Spiritkit was.

Archstar then called for a meeting, and cats gathered around, "Fennelkit, Willowkit, and Adderkit." he started, "Please come up." he boomed his voice around. "Fennelpaw, you have reached the age of six moons... now your mentor will be Feathermist." he meowed, "Feathermist, you have shown yourself worthy of handling an apprentice." he meowed.

"Willowpaw...your mentor will be...Amberflower, and Adderpaw, Fawnbrook will be yours." Archstar meowed.

"It is the time of the gathering, Marshwillow, Frogwhisker,

Reedfern, Feathermist, Braveheart, Scorchpaw, Goldenpaw, Minnowpaw, Lilypaw, Windleap, Beechclaw, Wildstrike, and Heatherfang will be attending." he meowed.

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When they arrived, a new she-cat leader stood up on the rock.

Clan cats talked and alot more, the leaders talked too, especially the new she-cat leader, she looked enthuastic.

Soon the gathering began, Littlestar stood up. "Cats of all clans! This gathering has now begun!" He meowed, dipping his head to the other leaders.

"Patchstar has passed away to the ranks of StarClan. He died in honour, and thats all I will say, I am the new leader of ThunderClan, Sorrelstar!" she meowed,

"Sorrelstar, Sorrelstar, Sorrelstar!" the clans chanted, and Littlestar gave a nod.

"We welcome you into our loyal leader ranks, Sorrelstar." he dipped his head.

"ThunderClan have been well, Flowerblossom has had her kits, Mistkit and Rainkit, We have one new apprentice, Applepaw. Although Blueblossom has joined the ranks of StarClan safely, we mourn her deeply." she meowed, Applepaw looked around, flushing embarrassingly at her name being chanted, as Lilypaw glared at her.

"ShadowClan have been well," Littlestar murmured, "We drove a fox away, it fled in the way of your territory, Wavestar." he murmured, and Wavestar nodded, "Thank you for alerting me." she smiled. "We also have a new warrior, Breezeheart!" Littlestar smiled, and Breezeheart proudly looked around.

"RiverClan are also doing splendid. We have 1 new warrior, Splashfall, and two new kits from Plumflower, we welcome Sandkit and Beechkit to RiverClan!" Wavestar meowed curtly.

"Thank you, Archstar?" she meowed.

"Oh yes, WindClan have 3 new apprentices, Fennelpaw, Willowpaw and Adderpaw! Although they are not attending this gathering, we are still proud for their futures." he yowled triumphantly, as the cats cheered their names.

"*Fennelpaw, Adderpaw, Willowpaw!*"

"Rosecloud is expecting Reedferns kits too!" he meowed, smiling. "Sadly, we lost Tigerstorm, a noble warrior. He died during the great fire that happened a few days ago, he was struggling, alot." Archstar shared that news, sadly.

WindClan cats cheered at Roseclouds news, and Reedfern nodded at all the glares at him.

"That is all we have for today, come on WindClan, lets get back." Archstar meowed, the shining stars shone brightly, twinkling happily in the sky.

Chapter 40

Cherryfeather paced up and down the medicine cat den, anxious. Lynxfur had said that she needed to speak to her about going back to warrior duties, which she was happy about, but there had been something in her voice.. something that told her it wasn't just about recovering and going back immediately. Suddenly she came in, accompanied by Archstar.
"Listen, Cherryfeather," he mewed softly, telling her that there was definitely something going on.
"What?" she choked, glancing from Archstar to Lynxfur.
"It's just.." Lynxfur bit her lip. "We don't know if you can go back to warrior duties.."
"WHAT! NO! I need to go back! I can't just stay here forever!" hissed Cherryfeather, fluffing up her fur and feeling fear wash over her.
"That's what we're here to talk about," mewed Archstar gently. "We know you can't stay here forever.. so.. I was wondering how you would feel about joining the elders earlier..?"
"NO!" she cried, tears forming in her eyes. "I have to fight! I have to hunt! I have to carry on with my life! That's what Tigerstorm would have wanted me to do!"
"We see you're very determined, but we're unsure-" Archstar got cut off.
"I'm NOT going to the elders. Why can't I just go back to warrior duties anyway? I heard Greybird had something up with his breathing.. but he's fine." even as she said this, Cherryfeather felt like she was losing breath again, but she made sure she breathed deeply before she started panicking.
"Greybird's condition is not lethal," replied Lynxfur.
"Mine's not either!" she attempted to growl but she didn't have enough air in her lungs. Lynxfur's eyes narrowed and she looked slightly angry.
"You nearly died! You went running all over the territory! If Marshwillow hadn't found you and caught up.. you'd be dead, just like Tigerstor-" She was cut off.
"How.. could.. you.. talk.. about.. Tigerstorm.. like.. that!?" she hissed, contemplating whether to pin Lynxfur down or just to argue

back. She sighed, she was trying to change, she couldn't just.. do that. "Sorry." she said bluntly.
"It's okay," smiled Archstar, "I see you are very determined not to go to the elders, I except that, but if your breathing gets worse we will have to consider out options."
Cherryfeather forced a smile. "Yeah okay, I'll try, thanks."
Lynxfur nodded and Archstar smiled, they both walked back out. Cherryfeather stood up and followed them out into the camp. She smiled as she saw Squirrelkit running up to her with a rabbit in his jaws.
"Where's dad?" he asked. "I was gonna give him this. He likes rabbits!" Cherryfeather's heart sunk.
"Squirrelkit.. I'm really sorry," she chocked. "H-He's.. he's dead,"
"What!" he squeaked, dropping the rabbit, his eyes watering. Cherryfeather felt a tear fall from her face as she nodded. Spiritkit, Leafkit and Maplekit skidded over to where their mother and brother stood.
"What's up?" asked Spiritkit, staring at Cherryfeather and Squirrelkit.
"Dad's dead!" sobbed Squirrelkit, curling up in a ball and covering his face with his bushy tail.
"No!!!!" bawled Leafkit, joining Squirrelkit. Maplekit cried silently and joined her sisters and brother. Cherryfeather huddled all her kits close to her.
"It's alright," she soothed, "He's happy, he's in StarClan." her voice broke and another tear ran down her cheek. *Wait a minute.. he's in StarClan.. and I can visit the dark forest whenever I want.. and StarClan and the dark forest are connected.. right? That means I could.. I can.. I can see him again before I die!!*

Chapter 41

(Time Skip: 1 moon.)

It had been a long, wearing out moon. Marshwillow heard from gossiping she-cats that The Traitorous Group had interfered with ShadowClan business which wasn't very good for them.

It had felt like two moons since Frogwhisker apologized, they were happily together, sleeping in the Warriors Den.

I hope he had apologized to Cherryfeather, She would think im insane for trusting him again when he actually apologized to me in the first place.

Marshwillow stretched, it was now a wet, groggy morning. No hazy sun, no dew-filled grasses to walk through. Just mud all over the moor ground and squelchy undergrowth, with the rain pattering down heavily, so loud you can hear it bang off all the roofs of the dens, and the clouds were dark gray.

She noticed that Cherryfeathers litter were now all over camp, interacting with apprentices, and taking prey and sometimes even giving it to her and Frogwhisker to share.

They are lovely kits, they have such a kind enviroment, kind hearts.

Marshwillow flicked her ear towards the apprentice den, she was reluctant to go out, for once, but she loved checking on her kits every morning if they were there.

Goldenpaw was chatting with Minnowpaw, who was nodded vigorously.

Scorchpaw was watching jealously, and Marshwillow felt her heart sink, deeply.

Lilypaw was busy arguing with Eaglepaw.

Marshwillow clicked her tongue, she couldn't watch her own daughter fight with another apprentice.

"Lilypaw? Eaglepaw? What were you doing?" Marshwillow narrowed her eyes.

"I was chatting to him about mice!" Lilypaw added quickly.

"It didnt look like that from over there, did it now?" Marshwillow smirked.

"Okay." she flattened her ears. "I was arguing with him, im sorry! Hes a total mousebrain sometimes." she muttered.

Eaglepaw rolled his eyes. "Your talking!"

Lilypaw snarled at him and Marshwillow shot them both a glance.

"Sorry, I really am." Lilypaw looked at him in the eyes innocently, in a fake sweet voice.

"Same." Eaglepaw winked, and also faked a sweet voice and Lilypaw nodded. "That was weird." he whispered.

"I agree." Lilypaw raised an eyebrow, "I guess I really am sorry, Eaglepaw." she grinned and stuck out her tongue.

"Hey!" he frowned and she laughed as they chased eachother out of Marshwillows sight.

Apprentices, moods all over the place.

Marshwillow sighed, she walked away, her pelt was full of water and she went towards a stream, and shook herself. Her pelt was all fluffy and messed up now.

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She went for a nap, and woke up to a wail.

"Rosecloud is kitting!" A voice sounded, It was Reedfern.

She blinked open an eye.

Shes giving birth to half-clan cats. I dont think I should wake Frogwhisker, lazy mouse. She grinned at her own thoughts and padded out.

It was alot brighter this time, the sky was blue, but there was no sun. Mud had dried up forunately and it seemed alot better than yesterday.

"How long was I asleep?" Marshwillow asked herself, looking stunned.

She crept along the den and got a glimpse at the nursery.

"So, are you the father then?" Marshwillow asked.

"Yeah, I am." Reedfern puffed out his chest proudly.

That's a lie. I cant tell him that *though.*

Feathermist padded over, "Oh brother I am so happy for you!" she smiled.

"Thanks Feathermist, say...have you ever thought about having your own kits?" Reedfern asked.

Feathermist went red, "I-I-I..." she stuttered, "I..don't know." she hesitated and sighed at last.

Why am I even listening into this? I dont want to know Feathermists mate or kit life. Or do I? Is that why im listening in?

Marshwillow shook the thought away. "Do you even have a mate?" Reedfern asked.

Woah, maybe I really shouldn't be able to hear this, do I walk away or wait for them to finish their conversation, awkwardly?

"U-U-Uh..." Feathermist stuttered, "What are you talking about!" she continued, "Heh...no?" Feathermist was red, still.

Reedfern blinked, "Oooh!" he murmured,

Okay no, thats it.

With that Marshwillow went into the den to see Lynxfur inspecting two wet bundles of fur, Roseclouds kits were here.

"They are healthy, or I hope they are, I will do further inspections when they open their eyes." she nodded, "What are their names?" she asked.

"Nightkit for the black she-cat." she nodded. Nightkit was a sleek pure black she-cat with an unknown eye colour.

"Blizzardkit for the white tom with a stripe of gray on his ear." Rosecloud told her, Lynxfur nodded, and smiled.

Marshwillow was actually really lucky that apparently Rosecloud hadn't seen her, but she heard a familiar voice break in.

"New denmates!" Squirrelkit bounced up and down.

Lynxfur laughed, "Squirrelkit! You are almost an apprentice! They will barely be the size of your paws, how are you meant to play with them?" she meowed.

Squirrelkit frowned in defeat, "What herbs do you give to queens when they are kitting?" Squirrelkit tilted his head.

"Just borage to help the milk come, and poppy seeds, to soothe them after the pain, it will help them sleep." Lynxfur meowed.

Marshwillow looked at the two kits. Nightkit looked like Greybird alot more than Blizzardkit did...She wondered...

Would anyone find out?

Chapter 42

Cherryfeather awoke to a painful scream and her thoughts immediately darted to the worst of options. She sat bolt upright and peered out of the neatly woven warriors den. She craned her neck over the almost empty camp, wondering where the sound had come from, suddenly heard another scream, this time more weak, coming from the nursery. Her heart nearly stopped, what if.. her kits! Despite the fierce rain and the howling wind, she sped over to the den and dashed inside. When she saw Rosecloud and her two new mewling kits she felt a strong wave of relief and staggered to the side of the den, where she calmed down. Seeing the two kits, standing beside their mother made her remember something she had long forgotten.. seeing Tigerstorm again.

*****

Finally, after a long hard days work, she was going to be able to talk to Tigerstorm again! She gave a little squeak of excitement which seemed to amuse Marshwillow. She settled herself down and willed with all her heart to visit the dark forest. She repeated it over and over in her mind until..

Darkness quite suddenly engulfed her, after a moment, she found herself lying on the ground in the shadowy woods. She stood up and started willing herself to be in StarClan, she had no idea if it would work, and it seemed a long shot that she would be able to speak from the dark forest to StarClan, but she was willing to try- for Tigerstorm. Suddenly, a shape emerged from the darkness.
"Tigerstorm!" she rushed over to him.
"Cherryfeather!" he exclaimed, tears glistening in his eyes. "You're here! But why in the dark forest? I can take you to StarClan!"
"Really?" she was faintly shocked.
"Yeah! Look, I'll show you," he smiled and suddenly everything became dark again. Suddenly they appeared in a much more joyful looking land, with lush green grass and pretty flowers everywhere.
"Wow," she looked around, marvelling at the beautiful landscape.

"I really missed you," he purred, blushing.
"I missed you too," Cherryfeather mewed back.
"How dare she come into this place!!," it was Flamestar.
"You," Cherryfeather laughed madly, thinking about all that Archstar had told her and Marshwillow and forgetting that to the other cats, she had simply killed him for no reason. Flamestar suddenly looked frightened, but Cherryfeather wasn't fooled, she started to charge at him, but Mintleaf held her back.
"Cherryfeather, no," she mewed gently.
"He-he!" she tried to explain, but to no avail. Suddenly, her rage came too much for her to handle, she managed to free herself from Mintleaf's grasp and pounced, claws unsheathed, at Flamestar. Before she could reach him, however, she fell back into darkness and appeared back in the dark forest. Just as she was about to fall asleep and go back to WindClan, she noticed that to left of her, the grass was a much greener colour, flowers were everywhere.. that was StarClan.

She bolted over and saw that she couldn't seem to go into the greener patches of grass or where the flowers were. All of a sudden, she saw Tigerstorm appear right at the border. He couldn't seem to cross over onto the dark forest area.
"Tigerstorm? Why can't- I- get- past," with every word she attempted to get through the invisible wall, but failed each time.
"Flamestar blocked you out, don't worry though, if you die he'll have to let you in." he sounded slightly worried.
"Oh, okay," Cherryfeather responded bluntly.
"Oh! It'll be nearly daytime in WindClan, you'd better get back," mewed Tigerstorm gulping. "Will you be alright getting back yourself?"
"Course I will," smiled Cherryfeather. "Where are you off to then?"
"Me? Well, StarClan's having a meeting round about now, all of us are meant to be there." he mewed back.
"Oh, alright, well you'd better get going then," purred Cherryfeather, slightly amused. Tigerstorm laughed.
"You think it's funny do you?" he purred.
"Hehe, yep, I do," smirked Cherryfeather.
"Haha! I actually had better go now though." he mewed.
"Alright, alright," she grinned, just about managing to touch noses with him. "See you round."

"Wait, you mean you might come back?" his eyes lit up and his tail shot right up in the air.
"You look like a kit on its apprentice ceremony," giggled Cherryfeather. "And yep, not every night though, I need to sleep sometimes."
"Yeah! I mean, don't go risking your life for me though," he mewed. "The dark forest cats are pretty.. bad."
"Ha! Don't worry about me, I'll be fine," smiled Cherryfeather.
"If you say so," he smiled. "Oh no, I think I'm late for the meeting! Well, sorry, but I really do have to go now."
"Alright, bye," she called as she watched him trot away into the distance, unable to follow him.

Chapter 43

Marshwillow was feeling a bit nauseous again. It was a warm day yesterday and it ended with a big cold sweep, she was on night patrol so maybe she has caught a cold. She knew that the medicine cat wouldn't have to deal with this.

Marshwillow coughed and shook her head, Frogwhisker was shivering in his den, and she prodded him.

"The destiny?!" he sat up immediately. "Oh, sorry I didn't mean to-" Marshwillow cut him off. "Hush, its fine, you can explain later, come on you lazy mouse, its day time."

Frogwhisker frowned, "Who are you calling the lazy mouse?" he meowed. "The cat that slept in for a long time yesterday and today, known as a unique species called a Frogwhisker." she grinned.

Frogwhisker stuck out his tongue in defeat and sighed.

She felt as if something was pushing around in her stomach, and her throat felt dry.

"You look confused, whats up?" Frogwhisker tilted his head and raised a paw.

"Oh its nothing, I just need...a...drink...yeah!" Marshwillow smiled sweetly.

"Marshwillow, you'd tell me if something was up." Frogwhisker had a concerned look growing on his face. Marshwillow sighed.

"I..I..swear... I'm fine." she shook her head. "I guess it might just be all thats happened recently, there has been a ton of drama, the argument with you didn't help it one bit either..." she sighed.

"I was a foxheart that day, and I am deeply sorry, and you know that." Frogwhisker mewed.

"I know...I know...It's just...I'm concerned for Cherryfeather, her breathing has been all over the place, she can't run as much as she used too, she can't do something really active, she can walk and live for sure, but I just feel concerned, for my own health, and hers." she admitted.

"Your own health? Whats up? I know that Cherryfeather has recently come down with a lethal condition, but... Cherryfeathers a strong cat, she will make through it." Frogwhisker cooed.

"I suppose so, but I... didn't mean to say about my health...eheh." Marshwillow meowed.

StarClan don't find out!

"Oh okay, no problem!" Frogwhisker meowed.

"Say...wheres our kits? On patrol? I went to go see them yesterday and they weren't there. I saw Lilypaw and Eaglepaw share a nest, and I saw Coalpaw he seemed sound asleep too, but I didn't see Scorchpaw, Minnowpaw, and Goldenpaw." Frogwhisker meowed.

"Lets go check." she meowed.

***
Scorchpaw was there speaking to Coalpaw, Goldenpaw and Minnowpaw didn't seem to be there.

"What are they talking about..Goldenpaw?" Frogwhisker listened in, so did Marshwillow.

"Scorchpaw, you do realize what it feels like to Goldenpaw, to have someone who cares about him, you cant just be all over him! Hes your brother! You will get over it, and find someone new." Coalpaw reassured, but in a strict tone.

"Scorchpaw!" Frogwhisker said immediately, making Scorchpaw jump.

"Hey...dad what brings...uh...you here?" Scorchpaw asked, innocently.

"Just asking whats happening here? Why is Coalpaw giving you some strict talk and why is Lilypaw still sleeping with Eaglepaw in her nest? Actually why are they even sharing nests? There is plenty of moss, and where in StarClan is Goldenpaw and Minnowpaw?" Frogwhisker asked calmly, smiling at him not to get scared.

Scorchpaw did gulp.

Coalpaw nodded barely at him, forunately for him he recognized the nod and smiled.

"Well, to start off I was helping him get over an argument with his brother. It was pointless and nothing to worry about, Lilypaw and Eaglepaw apparently are "mates" or Eaglepaw told me innocently they were just "acting" but Minnowpaw and Goldenpaw decided to spend the night away from the clan."

"What?" Marshwillow eyes widened, fur bristling with shock in her eyes.

Frogwhiskers fur was on end and he was slightly trembling.

"They went away...for a night? Where?" Marshwillow asked frantically.

"They said on a hill somewhere." Coalpaw rolled his eyes. He wrinked his nose. "Yuck."

Marshwillows fur was still bristling, furiously.

Ashpaw came in through the entrance, frowning in confusion.

"Hey...Ashpaw...what are you doing here?" Coalpaw asked, padding towards her.

"This is my den too you know." She narrowed her eyes at a shocked, and sad Scorchpaw.

"I overheard what happened. We need to get Scorchpaw to be happy again." She glared at Coalpaw who instantly his eyes widened.

"Im going with Marshwillow. Are you?" Ashpaw asked Coalpaw.

"Um..Sure." He meowed, half-heartedly.

Marshwillow blinked in thanks to Ashpaw.

"Frogwhisker, do you think that they are old enough to go?" Marshwillow whispered, unsurely.

"They're 11 moons old though!" Frogwhisker meowed.

"I suppose, it depends how far." Marshwillow meowed.

"Say, Coalpaw did they specify any hill?" He meowed.

"Yeah, they said far away from camp, they wanted a break." He meowed.

Marshwillow nodded in thanks.

"We are going." She hissed to Frogwhisker, "They're far."

Ashpaw blinked. "I feel like Minnowpaw should of went with Scorchpaw, not Goldenpaw!" Ashpaw whispered quietly.

"Scorchpaw used to be so nervous to Minnowpaw, he would talk out his feelings. How in StarClan did Goldenpaw ever presuade Minnowpaw to go?" Ashpaw was whispering.

Marshwillow hadn't exactly heard but she sighed. She cared for her son, and what seems to be...his friend...

Marshwillow felt pain in her throat and stomach again.

"I...I...I think im going to be sick." She groaned...

Chapter 44

Cherryfeather peered out of the warriors den, yawning. It was a pretty dull day. Even though it wasn't raining, the sky was full of dark grey clouds and the sun was hidden. She stretched, her gaze drifting around the camp lazily. It lingered on the apprentices den, where some drama seemed to be stirring up. Curiously, she padded out of the warriors den and came over to see what was going on.

Marshwillow, Frogwhisker, Ashpaw, Scorchpaw, Lilypaw, Eaglepaw and Coalpaw were all crowded round the entrance to the apprentice den, they seemed to have just stopped talking as she had walked over. Marshwillow looked slightly nauseous, Scorchpaw was looking a little bit angry. Eaglepaw and Lilypaw were looking embarrassed and Coalpaw looking triumphant. Cherryfeather was just about to comment on this when Frogwhisker butted in-
"Don't ask," he said rather aggressively. Just as Cherryfeather was about to say something back, Marshwillow vomited all over the ground. The apprentices jumped back, looking disgusted.
"Are you alright?" asked Frogwhisker, abandoning his argument with Cherryfeather. "Someone get Lynxfur!"
Eaglepaw and Lilypaw ran off in the direction of the medicine cat den and Cherryfeather was left wondering what was happening.

After Marshwillow got cleaned up and Lynxfur gave her herbs, the group came back together again to discuss what was going on.
"About time," mumbled Cherryfeather, not loud enough for anyone to hear.
"Guys, we have talk about this," meowed Coalpaw, stifling a laugh.
"This isn't funny!" snapped Frogwhisker.
"Who put ants in your pelt?" grumbled Cherryfeather, glaring at Frogwhisker. Just as he was about to retort, Marshwillow spoke up-
"Goldenpaw and Minnowpaw are gone."
"Yeah, they slept with each other!" giggled Coalpaw. "And so did Eaglepaw and Lilypaw!"
"How.. dare.. you!" Scorchpaw looked like he was going to burst with rage.

"Shut up!" grumbled Eaglepaw while Lilypaw hissed.
"You know it's true though!" smiled Coalpaw teasingly. Eaglepaw was fluffing up his fur, looking like he was ready to fight Coalpaw along with Scorchpaw when Frogwhisker stepped in between the toms.
"Guys, we have to do something about this! I say we should go looking for them!"
"Count me in!" smiled Coalpaw.
"I'll come," said Eaglepaw lazily.
"Me too," grumbled Scorchpaw, still annoyed at Coalpaw.
"I'm not staying behind!" smiled Lilypaw determinedly, bouncing up. Then, Ashpaw, who had been silent up till now said-
"Guys, none of the apprentices will able to come. Our mentors will come looking for us."
"She's got a point.." meowed Marshwillow, tail drooping slightly.
"Ashpaw, my sister, the only clever apprentice," mewed Cherryfeather proudly. Frogwhisker glared at her and she realised she had just insulted his and Marshwillow's kits. "Apart from Lilypaw and Scorchpaw of course, they must be worried sick about Goldenpaw, understandable if they're not as quick-thinking as usual."
Eaglepaw and Coalpaw seemed a bit annoyed by this comment but they decided to ignore it.
"Well.. hope you guys are all okay and do well in that.. eh.. mission.. good luck." he voice broke, she couldn't help thinking about Tigerstorm.
"No, Cherryfeather! You can come too," said Marshwillow kindly.
"Well, alright," mewed Cherryfeather. "I hope that breathing thing doesn't get in the way." she smiled weakly before following Marshwillow and Frogwhisker out of camp, walking behind everyone else so as they could not see the despair and misery glinting in her bright blue eyes.

Chapter 45

Marshwillow felt overwhelmed, she had noticed the apprentices funny looks when she vomited. She felt only slightly offended that Cherryfeather did call her kits stupid. She called her other sister, Ashpaw clever. She also felt slightly jealous at that, but she shook her head knowing that she should be more social with Ashpaw too. Her head was now spinning as she coughed. She also wondered why Frogwhisker was so...irky today.

She thought about it twice while walking. He was obviously being protective about their kits, He must be, otherwise he hasn't apologized.

"Why dont we just check every hill, theu didn't specify and its stupid." She replied impatiently. She slipped over a stone and Scorchpaw mercilessly laughed at her.

Lilypaw batted at Scorchpaw, who lifted out his arm and swung a hard blow right back at her. She frowned, and Scorchpaw had a triumphant smirk.

Lilypaw then fell awkwardly in a position over a calm stream.

"Lilypaw!" Frogwhisker gasped and lifted her by the scruff.

Scorchpaw shot a sorry look at Frogwhisker.

"Scorchpaw, don't do that! She...no..*you* could of seriously hurt her. Your not really a brother if you just want her to die." Frogwhisker fluffed up his back fur, breathing to try keep his temper.

"What? It was revenge from earlier!" Scorchpaw complained. "I could of easily saved her if you didnt!"

Frogwhisker just nodded with a look that after a parent gave you in trouble does.

Scorchpaw hopped over some slippery rocks on an unknown

stream, he landed perfectly on his feet and didn't dare to slip, not once. "I can smell something over here!" He called.

"Isn't hopping over that dangerous?" Lilypaws fur bristled with tension.

"Well not if your amazing like me." Scorchpaw puffed out his chest fur, proudly.

Lilypaw growled the tiniest bit and nodded, carefully placing a paw on a huge rock. She carefully lifted her whole self onto the rock, her feet tucked in to leap, and because there wasn't alot of space. She leaped quickly from one rock to another and closed her eyes as she bumped into Scorchpaw as she landed on the soft earth. She knocked over him because he unbalanced by her bumping over him.

"Watch it." He said stictly.

Lilypaw narrowed her eyes and helped Eaglepaw over.

"Oooooh!" Coalpaw shouted loudly on purpose.

"Won't you just be quiet!" Lilypaw snapped.

"Probably not, I can't live life without talking, neither can you!" Coalpaw meowed, smartly.

"I would rather if you couldn't talk actually, maybe not me because I use my words smartly." Lilypaw muttered.

Coalpaw stared in silence, his fur standing on end, and hopped over.

"I'll help you, dont worry." Frogwhisker mewed at Marshwillow, who nodded thankfully.

"Frogwhisker, I'd like to go over first." Cherryfeather interrupted.

"Why?" Frogwhisker was looking suspicious.

"So I can grab her when shes on the last rock, I know shes not well

enough to do this by herself, and she is my sister after all. I went to help in anyway I can." Cherryfeather meowed.

"Okay." Frogwhisker nodded slightly, but had really no expression Marshwillow could read.

Cherryfeather hopped over then grabbed Marshwillow half way through and sighed in relief.

"Im not a kit." Marshwillow meowed, croakily.

"Thats correct, but these things happen when your sick." Cherryfeather meowed.

Ashpaw crept behind some bushes and came back with a mouse in the whisk of ten seconds.

"Wow!" Coalpaw meowed.

"Okay, we can stop and rest. Scorchpaw, after this you lead on and you seem to be able to sniff them out." Frogwhisker instructed.

Scorchpaw nodded taking a bite of the mouse then sniffing around, licking his lips.

He disappeared through the thin oaks of trees and Frogwhisker caught up.

"Alright. I got them scented." Scorchpaw meowed.

Marshwillow looked at the surroundings behind them. They'd come so far from even the territories.

***

Lilypaw sniffed around.

"I think there on the top of this hill!" She yelled.

There was faint figures on top.

Marshwillow sighed, "Lets go up there."

Frogwhisker nodded, as he almost slid off but he gripped his claws into the soft earth.

Ashpaw just carefully went further than him.

"How do you do that without falling off, I look as dumb as a mouse trying to do this!" Frogwhisker complained.

"Maybe because your bigger than me," she swiftly looked down, getting to the top before anyone else, looking at a startled Minnowpaw and Goldenpaw.

"Why are you here!" He snapped.

"I could ask you the same thing, I mean your miles away from the territory!" Ashpaw rolled her eyes.

Minnowpaw was quiet.

Ashpaw looked back at Minnowpaw softly, she smiled a bit.

Frogwhisker approached the top with the rest. Goldenpaw stared in shock.

"Why did you bring my whole family here practically?" He asked, confused.

"Surprise, your having a celebration for your bad actions!" Scorchpaw interrupted. "Especially for taking Minnowpaw! Shes mine."

Goldenpaw stood infront of Minnowpaw.

"Look she is mine not yours! You couldn't be less shy about her! Atleast build up confidence to talk to her instead of just watching me! Look where that got you." He curled his lip.

Scorchpaws jaw gaped angrily. "Listen here." He pinned Goldenpaw down only for a heartbeay after Marshwillow angrily growled.

"Stop fighting! You are my sons and it is a pity to see you like this infront of Cherryfeather and Ashpaw! Your close family! Set a good

example for them and show them that you are capable of being mature!" Marshwillow snapped, seperating them.

Minnowpaw was trembling.

"I...I never knew you felt that way about you Scorchpaw, Im sorry I couldnt be more open to you. You should of talked to me more, I wasn't very sure of what you thought about me because you..always stared at me and Goldenpaw talking.." Minnowpaw started.

"I see how you feel now, but I only want to be friends, I would love to be close friends with you. I'd love to get to know you more." She smiled.

Scorchpaw glared angrily. "This is the worst day of my life!" "Im going back to camp! I cant face you after that!" He slid down from the hill and hopped distantly over the stream that you could just about see above over the trees on the hill.

Minnowpaw hung hed head low awkwardly.

"Its my fault. I provoked him and have been such a bad brother in the past, I..I should be the one saying sorry, not you." Goldenpaw stared down.

"I remembered when I used to be the best brother, when we were kits, I used to always be so nice, and now...im not." Goldenpaw sighed.

"I don't want to see him like this." Goldenpaw meowed.

Marshwillows heart sunk. "We should catch up to him! He could get lost!" She frantically meowed.

Cherryfeather nodded, "Yes. It seems as if hes quite upset."

Frogwhisker agreed, "Lets run, get your breath ready!" Frogwhisker broke into a run.

"No stop!" screeched Marshwillow.

"Why?"

"Cherryfeathers breathing! Remember? We can walk fast but not run." Marshwillow reasoned.

"Fair enough." Frogwhisker declared.

"Lets go."

***

Later in camp, Marshwillow felt like even more sicker, her chest fur felt as if it was burning.

"Let all cats gather around for a clan meeting!" Archstar yowled.

"Now, everyone as you know now, Goldenpaw and Minnowpaw went missing, and our brave apprentices with the supervisors, the warriors went to get them, they succeeded."

"Now, they should of asked my permission, but I will let them off."

"For travelling so far, I will repay their help." Archstar finished.

"Scorchpaw, Minnowpaw, Goldenpaw, Ashpaw, Lilypaw, Eaglepaw and Coalpaw, come up all my brave apprentices."

"You have done so much for such a little age, I can't stand how grateful I am for you saving even just two apprentices, my clanmates are like family to me, they matter."

"So, do you promise to follow the ways of our treasured, ancestors warrior code?" He yowled.

"We do!" All of them neowed. Ashpaw the loudest.

Marshwillow smiled in sudden realization.

"By the power of StarClan, All of you will now be known as...

Scorchfeather, Goldenblaze, Lilymist, Ashrose, Eaglestrike, Coalheart and Minnowpetal!"

The clan cheered the names loudly yowling and grinning.

Warmth of happiness flooded through her veins.

"Beautiful names." Marshwillow meowed.

They all rested their muzzles over Archstars shoulder.

"You will sit vigil now, for our amazing ancestors."

"And lets not forget that Driftpaw died for his clan saving them while we were at a gathering, treacherous badgers killed him brutally and we will never forget his bravery."

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As they all sat vigil, Marshwillows eyes lit up with flowing happiness. Her kits were warriors now. The crowd divided up, and Marshwillows cough seemed as if it went away, it dulled down. Frogwhisker and Marshwillow smiled at eachother, glaring into eachothers eyes.

Cherryfeather looked happy for all of the apprentices, Marshwillow noticed recently she looked down, but the thought of her sister happy. But it just wasn't her sister, it was her sisters.

Ashrose being warrior, Cherryfeather seeming made Marshwillow feel finally, at peace..